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The Shape of Things

IN ITS HASTE TO ADJOURN, CONGRESS MADE amends for some of its worst blunders. Under pressure from the House, the Senate abandoned its rider on the war-agency appropriation bills that would have required appointments of government employees receiving $4,500 or more a year to be confirmed by the Senate. By the narrow margin of a single vote the Senate finally passed the House bill expanding the borrowing power of the Commodity Credit Corporation until December 31, with no restriction against the use of subsidies for rolling back prices. Earlier in the day the House Agricultural Committee tabled the Senate's ill-considered bill to raise the ceiling on corn from $1.07 to $1.40. Thus on three major issues American voters had reason to be grateful for the Constitutional provision that all legislation must pass two houses of Congress. The only major setback occurred on the last day when the Senate acceded to the House demand for abandonment of the wheat and cotton crop-insurance program. Earlier the House also had its way in forcing the abandonment of the National Youth Administration, but the Senate had rescued the Farm Security Administration and the Office of War Information from destruction at the hands of ill-tempered critics in the House. As a result of these last-minute actions the record of Congress—which will be reviewed in greater detail in next week's Washington letter—turned out to be less disastrous than seemed likely a few weeks ago. Nevertheless, history will probably record the acceptance of the adjournment resolution as the most constructive action taken by the Seventy-eighth Congress to date.

*

THANKS TO THE COURAGEOUS USE OF THE President's veto power, the Administration's anti-inflation program emerged from the hectic Congressional session substantially intact. It is even possible that the veto of the original Commodity Credit Corporation bill with its anti-subsidy provision may prove to have been the turning-point in the long retreat before a creeping inflation. A ban on subsidies would of course have destroyed all possibility of holding the present price line and thereby opened the door to a flood of demands for increased wages and higher profit margins. With subsidies it is possible to take the offensive and roll back

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prices. Moreover, although little has been said about it in the press, the use of subsidies provides by far the most effective weapon available against black markets. In the case of meat, for example, the bonuses paid by black-market operators are no greater, and probably less, than the amount of the proposed subsidy. Producers and packers will therefore have an incentive to keep their products in regular marketing channels, in order to qualify for the subsidy. This will have the triple effect of freezing out black-market racketeers, holding down prices, and making certain that supplies will be equally available to everyone under the rationing system.

*

WHEN MR. ROOSEVELT BLANDLY DISMISSED the question of recognizing the French Committee of Liberation by announcing that as far as he knows there is no France except for about 5 per cent which is outside Europe, he vastly improved the chances of French unity. If there is one subject on which De Gaulle and Giraud agree—one subject on which Giraud cannot afford to disagree with De Gaulle even to keep the favor of the Americans—it is the subject of French sovereignty. With an army and navy at its disposal and the larger part of a great empire to rule, the Committee of Liberation is obviously a de facto government. No matter how provisional its powers may be, they exist exactly as do the powers of the various governments in exile. And it expects the recognition of its allies—no matter how provisional that recognition may be. The President's remark was an ill-timed affront not only to De Gaulle but to Giraud as well and to all the forces, inside and outside France, which have joined the war on our side. It revealed the sense of superiority and power that has characterized our whole policy. It turned North Africa into an American colony, the French committee into something less than a puppet government. It marked the low point in American political strategy. Not even the canards and unfounded aspersions against De Gaulle which have flooded the press since Giraud's arrival in Washington will cause such deep and well-founded resentment as those few supercilious words from the President.

*

AN INVESTIGATION OF SPANISH FALANGE activities in the United States and Latin America was demanded last week by Representative Coffee. The demand was based on revelations contained in a book "Falange," by Allan Chase, which asserts, on apparently good authority, that the Falange has been under direct control of the Nazi General Wilhelm von Faupel since 1935 and that it carries on active fifth-column work in behalf of the Axis throughout the American republics, including the United States. The information that the Falange has served as a focus of Axis activities in Latin America is not news, but Mr. Chase also has chapters on Falangist work in the Philippines, Puerto Rico, and the United States. He reveals, for example, how the Falange members in the Philippines became, with few exceptions, active members of the civilian-defense organizations and used their position to spread rumors and otherwise prepare the way for Japanese occupation. The same pattern of penetration into defense agencies is said to have been followed in Puerto Rico, and while the number of active Falangists in the United States is believed to be small, at least some are alleged to be active in American civilian-defense agencies. We have no way of verifying all the sensational charges contained in Mr. Chase's book, but there is certainly enough evidence of a direct link between Berlin and the Falange in Latin America to justify an inquiry. Such an investigation might profitably inquire why the Dies committee has failed to take notice of this avowed pro-Axis organization while it has been saving America from the Lovetts, Dodds, and Watsons.

*

THE *SATURDAY EVENING POST* DESERVES applause for having the fairness of mind to assess the evidence against Representative E. E. Cox of Georgia and the magnanimity to make amends to Federal Communications Commissioner Clifford J. Durr. The *Post*, which criticized Durr for asking Cox to disqualify himself as chairman of the committee investigating the FCC, has now reviewed the facts and decided—as *The Nation* did—that Durr is right. In an editorial printed last week the *Post* said that in view of the $2,500 Cox received from a radio station with a case before the FCC, "a truly sensitive man would have withdrawn from such a committee whether or not the facts mean what the commission says they mean." The *Post* also concluded that the House of Representatives had "forgotten its responsibilities when it permitted Representative Cox" to head the committee investigating the FCC. The House Judiciary Committee, in fact, seems to have forgotten completely to make any report whatever on Durr's formal petition for Cox's disqualification. The shameful situation still stands: a federal agency stumbled on evidence indicating that a Representative might have been guilty of a felony for taking money in a case before it. Instead of insisting on an inquiry by an impartial body to clear his name, this Representative, with the sanction of Congress, sets up an investigation to smear and harass the agency bringing the charges. This is not our idea of decent procedure in government.

*

THE COMMUNIST PARTY'S LEAP INTO THE arms of Mayor Hague makes both the comrades and the Jersey City boss look so foolish that we are tempted to applaud. But however clownish a performance, it has a serious political purpose and one which bodes no good for the liberal and labor forces in this country. Ever since

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its foundation, the American Labor Party in New York has been torn by Communist attempts to secure control, with the result that its effectiveness has been considerably reduced. Now an effort is being made to organize labor parties in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and other states. This does not suit the Communist Party, for the prospect that it will be able to win a foothold in such organizations is not promising. In New Jersey a labor party would gain its chief support from the strong C. I. O. unions, which are under excellent non-Communist leadership. That explains why the Communists have developed such surprising affection for Hague, who may privately be prepared to reciprocate since he too would find an American Labor Party in Jersey a threat to his power. The upshot is likely to be an attempt to hamstring independent political action by labor at a moment when the growing strength of reactionary forces makes it imperative that the voting power of the workers should be able to express itself. There are, however, compensating features in the Communist move, for one result may be to diminish still further the party's influence by enlightening some of its stooges. Already Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, who usually follows the line, has dissented from its latest swerve, declaring: "You can't whitewash a bum like that [Hague] just because he says he supports the war."

*

STUDY OF AN EXCESS-INCOME TAX HAS BEEN ordered by the House Ways and Means Committee as a possible device for raising the bulk of the $16,000,000,000 which the President has requested for the current fiscal year. The principle behind the proposal is both simple and logical. Increases in income that are directly the result of the war or the war-created inflation make up a considerable proportion of the surplus income that is threatening to create a runaway inflation. The war profits of corporations are taxed; why not extend the same principle to individual incomes? On the surface, the arguments for an excess-income levy sound so persuasive that it comes as something of a shock to find the proposal receiving enthusiastic support from conservative groups that advocated the Ruml plan and have stoutly opposed further increases in the corporation or individual income taxes on the upper brackets. This support appears to have both a political and an economic basis. The excess-income levy is in the nature of a counter-proposal to the Treasury's spendings tax, which has already been blacklisted as a New Deal plan. Furthermore, the excess-income tax is regarded as a possible weapon for checking the income-leveling process which has resulted from the war. From this point of view the supporters of the Ruml plan much prefer it to the spendings tax, which would uncover the real sources of excess income but leave untouched those in which incomes have merely been raised from subnormal to normal. Despite the nature of its support, a case can be made out for the excess-income levy provided that it be combined with a spendings levy and provided that adequate safeguards be included. Low-income families should, for example, be protected by an absolute exemption that is at least as large as the present income-tax exemption, and the levy should start modestly and be graduated in relation to a man's total income rather than merely his excess income. Obviously, a man whose income has increased from $10,000 to $11,000 a year should pay more than a man whose income has risen from $1,000 to $2,000.

*

WHEN MINERS GO ON STRIKE AGAINST THE high cost of living, the newspapers, as everybody knows, call it a strike. They ascribe it, in no uncertain terms, to selfishness, lack of patriotism, and, in effect, to criminal tendencies on the part of the workers. But when cattle raisers strike for higher prices by holding their stock off the market, the newspapers speak mysteriously of "conditions which are keeping cattle out of the ordinary courses of trade." Turner Catledge wrote a whole column of this kind of double talk in the New York *Times* of July 7. He spoke of "new devices whereby the price mechanism will be manipulated in an effort to break down the fence which is holding the cattle back"—they didn't include, so far as we know, a threat to call out the troops, though as result of the stock-owners' strike cattle receipts through regular commercial channels in Chicago in June of this year were 37 per cent under last year's figure. It was not until the next to the last paragraph that Mr. Catledge came right out and said that "the livestock producers are holding back for higher prices or selling for high prices in channels which flow into the black market." As we write, the strike is being broken—not by the government, backed by an outraged newspaper opinion—but by the fact that the grass on the ranges is drying up.

*

IT IS A PITY THAT IN THESE CROWDED WAR days so little attention can be paid to the final report of the La Follette committee covering its great investigation of "Employers' Associations and Collective Bargaining in California." "No one," Senator La Follette said in presenting the report to the Senate, "has ever discovered an association of workingmen formed for the express and avowed purpose of denying to their employers enjoyment of the right to organize and associate together for economic purposes." Yet in California and elsewhere employers have organized to crush this right of their employees. Senators La Follette and Thomas warned the Senate that in a period of comparative industrial peace we dare not forget that there may be a revival after the war of the same poisonous practices. They expect anti-union employers to take advantage of reaction and de-

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flation after this war as they did after the last and organize to smash unionism. The Oppressive Labor-Practices Act recommended by the committee report would provide labor and democracy with powerful weapons against a move of that kind. If labor is wise it will plan a strong campaign now for the eventual passage of a measure which will be badly needed once the war is over.

*

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF GENERAL SIKORSKI makes the urgent task of restoring Russian-Polish relations incomparably more difficult, for the late Premier and Commander-in-Chief approached this problem in a far more realistic manner than most of his colleagues. Indeed, there is a grave danger that the Polish government-in-exile will now become completely dominated by those romantic reactionaries who have persuaded themselves that they can pursue a war against both Germany and Russia. The Polish President, Wlaydslaw Raczkiewicz, who was formerly associated with Colonel Beck and who opposed the Russo-Polish agreement negotiated by Sikorski in 1941, is politically well over on the right as is shown by his choice of General Sosnikowski to succeed Sikorski as commander-in-chief. This selection provoked a Cabinet crisis which was patched up when Sosnikowski undertook to confine himself to military matters. The task of negotiating with Russia, if and when the two governments can be brought together, will fall therefore upon the new Premier, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, leader of the Peasant Party and a supporter of the Sikorski policy. Unfortunately the army, as the one remaining Polish institution which is intact—at least in miniature—exerts a powerful influence on political decisions, and its leadership by a man who broke with Sikorski because of his opposition to the original agreement with Russia is bound to be badly received in Moscow.

All Support for Wallace

EVERYONE who wants an all-out effort in the war must begin now, through progressive groups, patriotic organizations, and trade unions, to organize support for Vice-President Wallace in his fight with Jesse Jones. For while the Vice-President, by his outspoken and courageous attack upon Jones, succeeded in killing the McKellar amendment, that was only the first round in a new battle. The McKellar amendment would have given Jones an open legal veto over purchases of strategic materials by the Bureau of Economic Warfare. Jones's reply to Wallace indicates that he will continue to try to exert a veto by surreptitious means, despite the defeat of the amendment and despite the Presidential directive of April 13, 1942, shifting control over such imports from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to the Bureau. For Jones in that reply said that the duties and responsibilities of the RFC could not "be properly discharged by signing blank checks or executing without careful examination contracts that commit the government for hundreds of millions of dollars." This is tantamount to saying that Jones will not obey the Presidential directive. And it serves notice that Wallace may in the future expect the same kind of obstructionism from Jones and the RFC that has so badly hampered the BEW in the past.

To this challenge the Vice-President can make two replies. He can ask the President to remove Jones for disobedience. This the President may not feel himself strong enough to do, for Jones has great power in Congress. Or he can ask Congress to place at the disposal of the BEW the funds it needs for the purchase of war materials and thus make it completely independent of the RFC. This is what the Vice-President has decided to do. In his statement of June 30, after the White House conference with Jones and James F. Byrnes, Wallace said that the BEW would prepare legislation of this kind during the summer recess. "Mr. Jones," the Vice-President said, "did not object to this policy decision." Jones replied only, "Mr. Wallace was not authorized to speak for me."

If Jones has so much power in Congress that the President cannot fire him, how can Wallace hope to obtain independence from Jones at the hands of Congress? This question is not so formidable as it looks. Wallace and Milo Perkins, executive director of the BEW, have twice convinced key Congressional committees that it would be unwise for Congress to give Jones a veto over the stockpile program. A number of important Congressional committees, in one investigation or another, have seen for themselves how unsuited Jones is by temperament and outlook to wage total war. The Administration still has some power left in Congress, and there are enough fair-minded and thoughtful men in that body to be impressed by facts. With a measure of public support, the Vice-President should be able to obtain passage of the desired legislation. It would be disastrous for the war effort if the BEW were left at the mercy of Jones.

On the solid basis of the facts Wallace is still the winner in this dispute. Jones's reply to Wallace's charges made up in intemperance of statement what it lacked in concrete refutation. For when one has sifted the irrelevant and the trivial from the thirty-page document released by Jones, one finds virtually all Wallace's basic contentions admitted. And one sees that Jones's principal defense is that the OPM and its successor the WPB share responsibility for the failure of the stockpile program. This is hardly news.

Jones falls back on demagoguery: "Squandering the taxpayers' money even in war time is no proof of patriotism." This not only begs the question but has a comic aspect. The man who made our present contracts

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with the Aluminum Company of America, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and Bethlehem Steel for expansion in the fields of aluminum, synthetic rubber, and steel is in no position to accuse others of squandering public funds.

The clash between Wallace and Jones is a clash not merely of personalities but of opposed philosophies, and a victory for Jones would have serious consequences for the war effort and for post-war America. We ask all our readers to do what they can to build up the public understanding and support Wallace needs to win.

Rehearsal in Sicily

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE invasion of Sicily seems to have been accomplished with the same precision that marked the American landings in North Africa. Every report has emphasized the care with which advance arrangements had been made, the beautiful coordination of all forces, the impressive scale of the attack. Eisenhower has proved his skill in organizing and executing one of the most difficult of all military operations—a successful landing on a well-defended hostile shore.

How important the action will turn out to be no one can yet say. Some first-rate military experts believe that Hitler is prepared to sacrifice not only Sicily but all of Italy and to draw in the walls of his fortress around the heart of Europe. If this view is correct, it may be more essential for the Nazis to win a victory on the Kursk line than to shift troops to the south. But on the other hand the danger that the little second front in Sicily will develop into a real second front on the Continent may be sufficient to limit Hitler's offensive in the east.

But whether the attack on Sicily is looked upon as the direct prelude to an invasion of the Italian mainland or merely another step in the conquest of the Mediterranean island bases, it can at least be taken as a full-dress rehearsal for the final assault upon the Continent. For Sicily, unlike North Africa, is enemy territory. In North Africa a well-laid plot made possible an almost bloodless landing. In Sicily, according to the scanty reports from Allied headquarters and the more detailed if less reliable stories put out by the Axis, our troops face formidable defenses. In spite of superior air and sea power, the Allied forces landed under heavy fire and had to fight their way up the beaches. Several of Sicily's biggest airfields are still operating. Nor can we look for help from the population or from subverted officials. It is true that Sicily has always been an anti-Fascist stronghold; but even the most courageous and politically conscious elements will lie low as long as the island is guarded by three to five hundred thousand Italian and German troops. They will emerge only when military resistance begins to crumble. And even if Allied arms prevail, any potential fifth column will want to know the political intentions of the invaders before it goes into action.

We may be sure that every Italian anti-Fascist has drawn the obvious moral from the fate of the De Gaullists and other French patriots who helped the Americans in North Africa. Many of them were jailed by the men with whom we did business after the landings were accomplished; some are still locked up in Vichy prisons. And the elements we recognized and have worked with since then—from Darlan to Peyrouton and Noguès—are little different from the men against whom the Italian underground has conducted its twenty-year vendetta. Anti-Fascists in Sicily will need to be convinced that support of the Allied forces will not result in the perpetuation of reaction in Italy.

And if the underground is likely to be immobilized for political and military reasons, the ordinary people of Sicily will have the usual human reasons to resent invasion. They may be sick of war and disillusioned about Mussolini's dream of empire, but we cannot hope that they have reached the point where they prefer the horrors of invasion to continued Fascist rule.

In this sense, as well as in military terms, Sicily is a dress rehearsal for the Continent. It presents us with the difficult double job of conquest and collaboration: we must bring the enemy to his knees while at the same time we try to come to terms with those individuals and organized groups which form his active and potential opposition. To accomplish this, our commanders must develop more political sense than they have demonstrated in Africa. Unfortunately the course of events in Algiers and Washington and London offers little reason to believe that they have learned anything from their political blunders. It suggests instead that they will continue to deal with those elements in each "liberated" country which prove reliably subordinate to American authority. Men and women who have risked their lives for freedom and the defeat of fascism make poor puppets. They believe they have earned the right to govern their own countries. They will collaborate as allies; they will never serve as tools. These truths should be self-evident. They will prove as stubborn in Italy as in Algiers. And the hope of peace and a decent future depends upon the ability of those in authority to accept them while there is still time.

What the situation urgently demands is a simple, open declaration of intentions by President Roosevelt. He should promise the Italian people, in the name of the United Nations, that the Allied armies and governments after the liberation of Italy will have no dealings with Fascists but will carry out the occupation of the country in cooperation with known and trusted Italian democrats. Such a pledge would go a long way toward wiping out the evil effect of recent American policies. But we would have to mean it.

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Mr. Nelson and Complacency

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, July 9

THERE is a serious letdown in production. Its principal cause is complacency and overconfidence. One of the main sources of that complacency and overconfidence is WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson. To support this charge, I beg the reader's indulgence while I go over some recent events and some significant, though little-noticed, figures. Statistics make dull reading, but these concern the welfare of our armed forces and our allies, may even affect the course of the war, and they deserve our patient attention.

On June 19 Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson told a press conference that production of supplies for the army ground forces in May was 3½ per cent under April and 5½ per cent below schedule. WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson would make no comment for publication. But "off the record," in Washington fashion, a reply was made to the press. A WPB official said that the program of the army ground forces was only one-sixth of the total war program, that this was the area in which the largest "cut-backs" had been made, and that as a whole production in May "appeared to be" about 2 per cent above April.

The Under Secretary of War criticized both labor and management for "overconfidence and complacency." He tried to make them aware of what these production figures meant. He said that men in training would be denied needed equipment in order that shipments overseas might be maintained. "If the situation continues," the Under Secretary added, "even our overseas troops will suffer from shortages of critical equipment." The effect of the rejoinder from the WPB was to restore much of the complacency the Under Secretary may have shattered. The WPB seemed more interested in presenting an excuse than in helping to bring industry and the public to a sober and adult awareness of the greater efforts necessary if war supplies are to keep pace with strategy.

The statement issued by the WPB after the Patterson press conference was not merely poor psychology; it was also untruthful. That statement, made on June 19, estimated that over-all arms production in May was up 2 per cent. But on July 6, when Nelson issued his regular monthly report on production, it was disclosed that output in May, instead of showing a 2 per cent increase, was "virtually unchanged" from the April totals. Had the May totals been slightly above April, I think the report would have said so. My hunch is that "virtually unchanged" means slightly below April. It is true that the index number of munitions production in May is given as 563, the same as the figure for April. But the May figure is marked "preliminary," and that for April is the figure as finally revised. Preliminary figures, the ones given out to the press in these monthly reports, are usually revised downward; while the April figure is now recorded as 563, the preliminary figure originally given to the press on April production was 567. The day after the report was released, Nelson held a hurried press conference, of which Charles E. Egan, of the New York *Times*, wrote: "Nelson said that arms output was not discouraging, despite a 1 per cent decline in May as compared with April. . . ."

Whether "virtually unchanged" or down 1 per cent from April, production in May was obviously not keeping to schedule, for the schedule calls for a steady increase in production. The lag behind schedule is disclosed in the Nelson report of July 6. "Of the four major programs," this says, "merchant ships are farthest advanced, with 44 per cent of the year's objective estimated as completed by June 30. At the half-year mark, army ordnance and output of naval vessels and equipment were estimated at approximately 40 per cent of the 1943 goals, and the year's aircraft program will be 35 per cent completed." This indicates the need for a very sharp increase in the rate of production during the second half of this year if goals are to be achieved.

This lag in schedule is a very important matter at a time when the Nazis have launched a new offensive against the Soviet Union, and a second front is urgently needed, not merely to help the Russians, but to increase our own offensive striking power by coordinating it with action on the eastern front. General Brehon Somervell, in a warning against complacency in the July issue of *Mill and Factory*, says "a steady month-by-month increase in production" is necessary "to supply the bare minimum requirements of the army for the remainder of 1943, and to place us in position to deliver the striking power called for in our 1944 offensive plans." Somervell, the army supply chief, declares, "Obtaining the required rate of production increase for the rest of the year presents one of the major problems of the war for us." This quiet statement is a measure of the responsibility which rests on both management and workers in the factory.

The full measure of this responsibility cannot be brought home to the public if the WPB continues to handle production figures in its accustomed manner. On

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June 19 the public is given to understand that the Under Secretary of War is exaggerating. On July 6, in the monthly report on production, Nelson admits that the lag in production is serious and says, "We cannot afford to relax our efforts for an instant." On July 7 he holds a press conference in which he says that while there has been a decline in production, arms output is not discouraging. The main impression created by Nelson at the July 7 press conference was that the failure to show an increase in May was due principally to "cut-backs" in the army program, notably in tanks, and to changes in design in aircraft. The very next day Nelson goes to Toronto and makes another of those vapid bragging speeches: "American Production to Top Axis 2 to 1 in 1943, Nelson Says." Nelson boasted that we are turning out enough small-arms ammunition to fire 1,500 bullets at every soldier in the Axis armies. Dishing out statistical tripe of this kind is no way to awaken workers and management to a sober consciousness of their responsibilities.

Nelson is relying for his main excuse on "cut-backs," especially in the tank program, on which he dwelt in some detail at the July 7 press conference. Undoubtedly these "cut-backs," along with the changes in plane design to which Vice-Chairman C. E. Wilson referred, played their part in reducing the May totals. But the "cut-backs" in the tank program began last winter. In spite of this fact, output in April had shown a 7 per cent improvement over March, and not merely an over-all increase but an increase in all categories of munitions. Cut-backs in tanks cannot explain the 4 per cent decline in merchant vessels in May or the 3 per cent decline in ground ordnance and signal equipment. I do not blame Nelson for these declines, but I do blame him for not admitting them in manly fashion and focusing attention on them in order to wake people to the need for greater effort. I believe that he himself must bear a large share of the responsibility for the complacency and overconfidence which have most to do with the letdown.

An example of Nelson's methods is seen in his June 12 report to the President on the progress of war production in 1942. "The record," Nelson wrote the President, "certainly makes it clear that the American industrial system can be justifiably proud of an astonishing display of economic muscle." A giant industrial system like ours naturally can show big economic muscles. But the record does not indicate that these muscles have been flexed to their fullest extent. For if one reads the report carefully one finds, first, that the original Victory program for 1942 was reduced from $68,000,000,000 to $51,000,000,000 and, second, that actual production was only $40,500,000,000 or 20 per cent short of the reduced goal. Nelson's excuse is that "the objectives were too high." "Had the schedules been prepared realistically," he says, "it would have been obvious early in 1942 that the objectives were out of line with resources. . . ." But how can this be reconciled with the report's admission that in 1942, despite Pearl Harbor, "the volume of commodities and services going to consumers . . . remained almost exactly at 1941 levels"—the highest in history, 8.5 per cent over 1940 and 15 per cent greater than 1939. Can it be said that the program exceeded the "limits of feasibility" when civilian consumption of materials and man-power continued at boom levels?

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE CONFERENCE of the British Labor Party, by a vote of about two to one, has decided to withdraw from the political truce. This means . . . that the party will now begin to contest by-elections, and with such action under way it is difficult to see how the Labor members can retain their seats in the Cabinet unless they withdraw from the party. On the other hand, . . . they may seek to maintain their position and carry with them in support of the government the more conservative wing of the Labor Party.—*July 6, 1918.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: . . . Joyce, J. "Exiles." Huebsch. $1.—*July 6, 1918.*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Miss Jeannette Rankin will contest the election for United States Senator from Montana with Senator Walsh presages an interesting fight, with the bare chance that to her lot may fall the honor of being the first woman to enter the Senate as well as the first to grace the House of Representatives.—*July 13, 1918.*

THE CIVIL WAR in Finland is over—at least temporarily. The "Whites," with the help of the Kaiser's bayonets, have conquered the "Reds" and are now apparently trying to make the country a more or less constitutional monarchy with a German prince as King. Simultaneously the White government has concluded treaties with Germany, virtually making Finland a German vassal.—*July 13, 1918.*

MORE THAN 1,000,000 Americans have been sent overseas, according to an announcement authorized by President Wilson. The total number of those returned and lost and of all casualties is now 8,165.—*July 13, 1918.*

THE NEWS from the Marne, the scene of the fifth German offensive in 1918, will thrill all America. Our troops, in this, their first major engagement, have covered themselves with glory by breaking up the German offensive on the first day by their vigorous defense and their prompt and successful counter-offensives.—*July 20, 1918.*

WE HAVE NO ILLUSIONS whatever as to the enormous difficulty of the task ahead of the advocates of a liberal trade policy. No week passes without bringing fresh evidence of the strengthening of protectionist ideas by the inflamed nationalism of the war.—*July 27, 1918.*

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, ex-Czar of Russia, was shot to death on July 16.—*July 27, 1918.*

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Washington Gestapo

BY X X X

[*For reasons which this article itself makes clear, its author has deemed it necessary to guard his anonymity with especial care. His identity has been revealed only to our Washington editor, I. F. Stone, who as a friend of long standing is able to vouch for his absolute reliability. The personal experience of the editors of* The Nation, *together with checks they have made with other government officials, fully bear out his charges. A second and final instalment will appear next week.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

I AM a minor government executive. My job is helping to run one branch of a war agency in which several thousand persons are employed. We cheerfully work long hours, swelter in the country's worst climate, live jammed together like sardines—all this because we know that our work is vital to the war. We read the bulletins from our war fronts with a thrill of pride because we know that, though we are civilians, the army and navy rely heavily on us.

We have done a great deal to help smash the Axis—far more than we can boast about in public. And we could do a great deal more if we were not daily growing more exhausted, bitter, demoralized, and even terrorized by the unceasing warfare carried on against us. The situation has been bad for a long time. It has now become intolerable. The fascists we are helping to destroy in Europe and Asia might well wish to destroy us, but this campaign is waged right here in Washington by persons working for the government, paid out of public funds. I do not refer to Dies and Kerr and Cox and Smith—their demagoguery, though annoying enough, is worse than their bite. Far more effectively the Civil Service Commission and the FBI, by their attitude toward government workers, are undermining Washington's strength and will to fight. Hitler could do no more.

The weapon that is causing all the mischief is the so-called "character investigation" to which all workers in war agencies are subjected. It is made once, twice, sometimes over and over again. As an investigation it is a travesty. It is little if at all concerned with a man's character, loyalty, or sympathy for democratic ideals and forms of government. Sometimes one or two perfunctory questions are asked concerning possible sympathy for our enemies; sometimes none at all.

A man I know has kept score on the last hundred investigators who have come to his office, consuming with their inanities, vicious or otherwise, some forty-eight hours of time that he could ill spare from his war job. He tells me that only seven of the investigators showed more than a casual interest in uncovering the facts that you or I would want to know about a man's suitability for responsible war work. (One of the seven wanted to know if the man in question was a "Nasi or a Fasi"—he made the two words rhyme and, when asked, said he wasn't sure what a "Fasi" was.)

Before this comic and tragic investigation begins, a war worker has had to survive the thorough scrutiny of the agency which hires him. We are fussy about that and properly so. Job candidates usually have to be known to some one of us, and even then they have to run a gauntlet of many searching interviews, careful checking of references, and close questioning of friends and former employers. Then, often six months or a year after a man is hired, the FBI or the Civil Service sleuths swing into action.

Every day, and sometimes four or five times a day—because I am personally responsible for the work of three or four hundred of my associates—an investigator approaches my desk, flashes his credentials, opens a notebook, and begins a routine that is both blood-chilling and exasperating. It is a sad display of confusion, bigotry, and lack of understanding of the war we are fighting. We are engaged in a struggle to the death with the fascists. Grand juries have returned indictments for sedition and treason against many of their henchmen in this country. Yet this city alone has several thousand government investigators ransacking the town for anti-fascists and using as their textbooks and tipsheets the propaganda publications of the very men and women now awaiting trial on the most serious of charges.

The investigators who come to sit by my desk solemnly ask me such questions as the following. These are actual questions, written down as accurately as I can recall them, put to me and to people I know by Civil Service and FBI investigators.

Has Jones ever agitated for labor unions?
Does he favor the good or the bad unions?
Does he support cooperatives?
Does he mix with Negroes?
Does he seem to have too many Jewish friends?
Does his face light up when the Red Army is mentioned?
Does he support a second front?
How often does he read *PM?*
Does he own pro-labor or radicalistic books?
Has he ever criticized the Dies committee?
Is he one-sided or advanced in his conversation?

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Is he always criticizing Vichy France?
Does he buy out-of-town newspapers?
Does he stay up late every night?
Does he turn first to Russian news in the paper?
Does he think the colored races are as good as the white?
Is he faithful to his wife?
Why do you suppose he has hired so many Jews?
Is it true that he reads *The Nation* and the *New Republic?*
Has he ever solicited for the Russian War Relief?
Did he ever say any other form of government is as good as ours?
Does he praise the movie "Mission to Moscow"?
Would you say he went far enough in condemning the Russian system?
Does he talk a lot against the poll tax?
Do you think he is excessive in opposing fascism or Nazism?
Did you ever hear him whistle or sing the communistic "Internationale" or other subversive songs?
Does he support the Newspaper Guild?

Questions like these are being used as a sieve to strain anti-fascists and liberals out of the government. They serve no other purpose. You don't look for enemy agents or sympathizers among people who read *PM, The Nation,* the *New Republic;* among people who believe in the dignity and equality of all men; among people who condemn the poll tax, Vichy France, Dies, Jim Crow; among people who admire unions, cooperatives, and the heroic exploits of the Red Army.

If investigators can manage to place Jones, the government worker, in any of those categories, the next step is a curt letter from the Civil Service Commission requesting his employers to fire him because his "suitability has not been established." This curious, weasel-worded phrase is the only indictment furnished against Jones; it usually means that he loves liberalism or hates fascism. The almost certain result is that the millions and millions of Americans who share his views and desperately need their expression in Washington will be deprived henceforth of his services.

What sort of people do the investigators single out as victims? Ordinary, decent people like ourselves. Let me tell you about three or four typical cases. Professor A, whose honors, distinguished career, and scholarly publications would fill a quarter-page in "Who's Who," was found "unsuitable" after six months or more of investigation by both Civil Service and the FBI. No one questioned his qualifications. No one suspected him of sympathy for our enemies; he had been denouncing them for a decade. But that was his undoing. He was under the usual suspicion of being a Communist or of sympathizing with Communists apparently because a cranky neighbor had said that he had loud, boorish people, "obviously Communists," at his house and because a labor-baiter with a criminal record and drunken habits spun a fantastic tale of malice. The FBI and the Civil Service Commission gave Professor A no opportunity to confront his accusers and disprove their slander. Instead, they brought forth more nonsense. Professor A had given as reference another professor, even more distinguished, whose name is well and honorably known to most educated people. The FBI looked up this man in one of their favorite authorities and reported that he was said to be radical and communistic. Their source-book was "The Red Network," by Elizabeth Dilling, who was at the moment under federal indictment on charges of sedition!

Take the case of Miss B, who was accused of having had "mixed parties" at her apartment and dismissed from her job. "Mixed" was defined, under pressure, as meaning "Negroes and whites"; later this was cautiously modified to "boys and girls." Miss B was an able, competent worker. It would be hard to say which of the definitions furnished as a basis for her dismissal was the more frivolous.

Mr. C, a scientist with hard-to-replace skills, was also found "unsuitable." He would have been perfectly suitable, it appears, if he had not been quite so active in connection with a committee organized to sponsor a concert by Marian Anderson after she had been jim-crowed by the D. A. R. (His fellow-sponsors included half a dozen Cabinet members, more than two score members of Congress, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, William Green, the Washington Chamber of Commerce, and an American Legion post.)

Mr. D, a writer, incurred the wrath of the Civil Service because six years ago his agent donated an unsalable article to *Fight,* a magazine published by the American League Against War and Fascism. In this article D said that if the fascists of Germany and Japan were not discouraged by common action of the democracies they would some day attack us. While this prophet without honor in the government was under fire, the Civil Service Commission and the FBI made no objection to the employment in a confidential post of a person who had been secretary to both the German and Finnish embassies, or of a person later arrested as an undercover propagandist for the Japanese.

Too much reading of the works of Mrs. Dilling has given the investigators a "network" psychosis. They seem happiest when they can catch a number of people in the same flimsy spider's web. Then they have uncovered a great conspiracy and can bring about a mass purge of government workers. Investigating Jones, they discover that he knows Smith; Smith is a cousin of Brown; Brown in an unlucky moment once signed a petition calling for diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union, thus getting himself immortalized in the FBI's files. Smith, Brown, and Jones, all attend a party at which stranger Zilch, who

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has had six martinis, says that the Red Army, by saving Stalingrad, saved mankind. Jones, Brown, Smith, and Zilch are then linked together as subversives.

Or take an actual case. An FBI agent somehow managed to copy a list of telephone numbers hanging by a government employee's telephone. The list included the plumber, the grocer, the laundry, the corner movie house —and the name of a man in the same office who, when cross-checked in FBI files, turned out to be on one of Dies's lists. A dentist was also included. A man with a name similar to his had given money to a civil-rights organization. A social acquaintance whose number was given had a brother who was on the mailing list of a cooperative organization in ill repute with the inquisitors. This was all that was needed to piece together a whole Washington "red network"; the list of telephone numbers became a "contact list" and was actually offered as ground for firing the employee in question.

By just such a trick Stuart Chase once proved that Martin Dies was a Communist; one could similarly prove that the King of England is a Nazi, or that you beat your wife. Absurd as it is, this is one of the devices of intimidation here in Washington. Through its use the most innocent of actions can be given a sinister tinge. For example, when a rabid Southern Congressman described the New York *Times* as a "Jewish Communist newspaper," an FBI man, within a week, asked me whether my acquaintance habitually read the *Times*.

In any proper procedure of hearings the investigators' stupid prejudices and absurd evidence would be ruled out—just as a policeman's notion that a man is a murderer because he wears a striped suit vanishes in the fair trial that is guaranteed to any suspect brought into court. But the hearing afforded government workers by the Civil Service and the FBI is devoid of any color of fairness or justice. The investigators are prosecution, judge, and jury rolled into one. The accused is denied counsel, witnesses, and even a statement of the charges against him. He is not allowed to face his accusers. In secluded rooms, for all the world like Gestapo headquarters in Berlin, he is bullied and intimidated and peppered with questions designed to trap him. The rankest hearsay passes for crushing evidence.

The penalty for an investigatory finding of guilt is peremptory dismissal from the government. This means being blacklisted for life, a denial to a citizen of his right to serve his country in time of war, the inference—soon known to the whole community—that he is somehow a traitor, a seditionist, a disloyal fellow to be shunned by decent men.

No government employee is safe from such an obscene attack on the elemental decencies. President Roosevelt himself could not qualify for work in a war agency. Did he not entertain the Soviet Premier, Molotov, in the White House? Busy as he is with questions of global war, he perhaps does not mark the steady weeding out from his agencies of those who could be counted on to push rather than sabotage his war program. But if the public allows the last liberal, the last anti-fascist, the last friend of the workingman and the consumer to be stoned out of Washington, or submerged until submissive in a Potomac ducking-stool, the results will be grave indeed.

Let's Look at Labor

III. DEATH IN THE FACTORIES

BY ALICE HAMILTON

THE National Safety Council's preliminary report on accidents in 1942 presents a startling picture of what the intensity of war production means in the life of the workers. Accidents, fatal or crippling, have mounted and are still mounting. Here are a few figures. While the death rate for automobile accidents fell 30 per cent in 1942 as compared with 1941, that for manufacturing establishments rose 14 per cent. In seven states the rise was more than 25 per cent. Some 18,500 workers were killed on the job, and 1,750,000 were injured, 70,000 of them permanently. Among railroad employees there were 26 per cent more deaths than in 1941, 37 per cent more accidents. Two mine explosions took the lives of fifty-six and thirty-four miners; an explosion in an ordnance plant killed fifty-four. Using our customary method of presenting disaster in terms of dollars and cents, the report informs us that the money loss of 1942 accidents—wages, medical expenses, overhead costs of insurance—is estimated at $900,000,000.

What are the causes of this appalling loss of life or of what makes life worth living—health and the ability to work? First must be cited the great increase in the number of persons employed; an influx of new, inexperienced workers inevitably increases the rate of job accidents. Also hours are longer; there are night shifts; many workers have the added fatigue of a long drive to and from work. A good hot meal does more to banish

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fatigue than any other measure, but even according to the optimistic statement of Dr. Victor Heiser, only some 51 per cent of the plants engaged in war production provide this for their employees. Then there is the difficulty of getting proper safety devices installed in new plants, although it is sometimes startling to see how quickly this can be done after a serious accident has made the need evident. We do not yet know what change will follow the increased employment of women, but we must not forget that women in industry are massed in the early age groups, as men are not. The majority are under thirty, many under twenty. A minority are mothers of families with many duties outside their jobs. Though women are less reckless than men, they are less experienced, more easily tired, more liable to illness, more given to day-dreaming.

On occupational sickness, which is less spectacular than accidents but in certain industries more common, we have no data from the National Safety Council as yet, and it will be some time before any can be presented. This is easy to understand. Accidents are evident to everyone; disease comes on insidiously, and often the worker does not know that the cause is connected with his work. His physician may be quite as much in the dark, and thus many cases of occupational disease go unrecognized and unreported. We hear a great deal about false claims for compensation made by malingerers, but my experience, over many years, has led me to believe that the number of workmen who conceal illness for fear of losing their job is greater than the number of those who fake illness to collect damages. There is every reason to believe that the rate of industrial disease is going up.

Inevitably it is being accelerated by the conditions of war production. Exposure to familiar harmful substances is increased, and new processes are unloosing new fumes and gases. The dangers of silica, lead, mercury, and brass are well known. Silica is one of the most widespread of the industrial hazards and one of the hardest to control. Wherever sand or silicious rock dust is present in the air, we must expect to find silicosis. And as industry is increasingly mechanized, the danger grows. Silicosis increased steadily among granite cutters after the air hammer was introduced; among anthracite-coal and metal miners after the jackhammer came in. Every increase in the demand for copper, lead, and zinc means more men exposed to silica dust. Manganese, a poison to the brain and nerves, is needed in ever greater quantities for steel; chromium, cadmium, fluorides, all are endangering larger and larger groups of workmen.

Red lead, which had practically disappeared from ship painting, is now being used again on a large scale. Enormous quantities of nitric acid go into explosives—TNT, nitroglycerine, guncotton. It is also used in the reopened mercury mines and mills to make the mercury fulminate which is the booster charge in bombs and shells. In the great class of solvents, some are highly toxic, others only slightly so. Industry had rid itself very efficiently of the more dangerous ones, but now they are back again because war production monopolizes the safer ones. The manufacturer of coatings cannot use toluol any more because it is needed to make TNT; so he turns to poisonous benzol.

New chemicals have come into use to meet war needs —to produce synthetic rubber and for new explosives. The federal Public Health Service takes up these compounds at once and tests them on animals, publishing the results as promptly as possible, but such studies tell us nothing of the slow action of a poison which the workman breathes in doses too small to produce any acute symptoms. To discover this, large groups of workmen must be carefully watched for long periods.

What should be the attitude of organized labor toward the war-time problems of accidents and disease? I think that its first duty is to take the matter seriously, and this will be a new departure. Workingmen are like all men: as long as they are strong and well they are not interested in the prevention of sickness or very much concerned about the prevention of accidents. It is a part of our national recklessness, our willingness to take risks and impatience of control, a recklessness clearly demonstrated in the automobile-accident rate when gasoline was abundant. Only the sick or crippled in any walk of life take health protection as a really important question. In my experience trade-union officials, with a few brilliant exceptions, devote their efforts not to the prevention of accidents and disease but to the securing of compensation for the victim. Money, however, can never really compensate for death, or even for serious illness. A man with lead palsy, even if he has a pension, is still a cripple. The widow of a zinc miner may have a monthly income but is still a widow. The fact that the victims face the possible disaster with fatalistic indifference and fight much harder for a wage increase than for safe conditions of work does not remove responsibility from their unions. It is for the union to be wiser and more far-seeing than the individual.

Most unions—for example, the building-trades unions and the miners—have been more alert to prevent accidents than disease, and this is natural. Accidents are dramatic and their causes are clear. Industrial disease sometimes comes on like an accident, as when a man is gassed by carbon monoxide or a girl faints on a hot day over a kettle of solvent, but usually it is gradual in its course, with nothing startling about it. Now that inexperienced men and women are coming into industry, far more vigilance is needed if they are to be protected against the dangers which the old hand has learned to recognize and avoid. In some manufacturing plants the instruction and care of green hands is admirably handled, but in

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others the old rule still prevails: say nothing about the risks or you will start the employees fancying themselves sick and making foolish claims. This is where the union should step in and give the needed instruction. The federal Department of Labor supplies leaflets which describe in simple words the uses of each of the known dangerous dusts and gases, the symptoms they give rise to, and the way the worker may protect himself.

Often the workers are familiar with the danger, and then what is needed is continual preaching of safety maxims, seeing to it that the accepted safeguards are provided by the employer and used by the worker. In the case of the newer hazards, union officials can render invaluable service. Members should be encouraged to report any suspicious illness that seems to be connected with a new process. For instance, a new solvent may be introduced, and presently many of the workers may complain of illness. It is for the union to insist on an investigation by experts. Such watchfulness has led to the discovery of many a dangerous industrial gas or dust about which even physicians previously knew little or nothing.

Sometimes the investigation can be made by the medical staff of the plant. In some states the Labor Department is equipped to do it; in others the state Department of Health will consent to undertake it. When all else fails, there can be an appeal to the federal Department of Labor. The ideal system is in operation in New York State, where the Department of Labor has its own staff of expert physicians working in close collaboration with the factory inspectors. Before the war Senator Murray of Montana introduced a bill which would have made it possible for all state labor departments to be so equipped, but the measure is probably shelved till the war is ended, although it is more needed now than ever. In a few states there is good cooperation between the health and labor departments, and labor can get a hearing and intelligent help.

It is gratifying to hear that the United Automobile Workers in Detroit are reopening their own medical department. They made a fine beginning with this in the early days of the union but closed it some years ago. Such a department is in strong contrast to the system that still obtains in the coal mines, where the physician is appointed by the company and responsible to the company but is paid entirely by money deducted from the monthly pay check of the miners. The men have nothing to say about the choice of a doctor, and even if they dislike and mistrust the company's choice they are forced to support him. It is amazing that a strong union like that of the coal miners has submitted all these years to such a system.

[*This is the third of a series of seven articles on the problems confronting the American labor movement. The fourth will appear next week.*]

In the Wind

THE POLITICAL thought-reading department of *Business Week* announces that President Roosevelt doesn't really want to stop inflation: "To cinch the white-collar consumer vote, the President is counting on a campaign built around the high cost of living. That campaign calls for a vigorous price-control policy—even though an ineffective one—to establish him as the consumers' friend. Proponents say that Congress will get the blame . . . when prices go right on up despite brave words from the White House."

THE BULLETIN of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States calls for larger allocations of steel for farm machinery, and hints that the large companies could use it to better advantage than the small ones. "They have better facilities for using a variety of types of steel . . . and, in some cases, they can switch workers from munitions production."

TWO PROMINENT Massachusetts doctors who gave public support to a birth-control referendum in the last state election have been notified by St. Luke's Hospital in Pittsfield that they will not be permitted to practice in that hospital.

A *NATION* CONTRIBUTOR reports this dining-car conversation with a man just returned from Bolivia: "What's the labor situation in the mines?" "Okay now, since they picked out four or five bolsheviks and shot them." "Is that a fact? Well, what are wages?" "Seventy-five cents a day." "Can a man live on that?" "No."

THE WAR has changed our reading habits. Althea Warren, president of the American Library Association, says reading today is "of two extremes of density—thistledown entertainment . . . or research of the most . . . exacting type. . . . People who used to consume three or four volumes a week now spend a month on books like the Beveridge Report or Mackinder's 'Democratic Ideals and Reality.'"

ENGLISH ACTORS are now allowed special licenses to buy double-breasted suits, according to the London *Evening News*, "because it is considered 'not quite nice' for music-hall performers to show their braces [suspenders] or too wide an expanse of shirt on the stage."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The Czech fascist organization, *Vlajka* (Flag), has been dissolved by the Nazis. It was too small to be worth while. . . . There has lately been an epidemic of fires in Belgian theaters requisitioned "for Germans only." . . . To a Bible study group in Bergen, Norway, the Nazi Bishop Falch Hansen announced that he had found references to Vidkun Quisling in the Book of Revelation.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Food Relief: a Neglected Report

BY ALLAN SPALDING

EVEN if other more controversial issues have been shoved aside, one might at least expect that on the issue of food relief the United Nations would by this time have devised a clear-cut policy. It is certainly not a problem which can be shirked until the last minute. After the war is won and the armistice is declared, there will be millions of people in devastated areas all over the earth who, because the systems of agriculture and transportation have been disrupted, will either succumb to starvation or present an insuperable obstacle to any attempt to organize the peace. In this dismal dilemma more than one political strategist may discover the hope that by offering the masses food he can abolish the danger of riot and rebellion. Such a supposition is naive. The transition from war to peace cannot be dealt with in terms as simple as that. But with an efficient relief machinery the United Nations can at least facilitate the job of reconstruction and at the same time prove that "freedom from want" is not just another empty slogan.

Up to now, no such machinery has been established. Worse still, the public has been deliberately kept unaware both of the vital necessity for coordinated planning and of the failure to secure it. Official activities with regard to food relief have been cloaked in mystery. The usual excuse for censorship is that relief feeding will require huge amounts of food and therefore be unpopular with the American people, who are getting tired of the hardships they've already been forced to undergo. Any relief program will have to be devised with great secrecy so that it can spring into full-fledged operation, unhampered by popular dissent in its initial stages.

This slipshod, undignified excuse doesn't argue well for the fiber of the American people. It is even held in contempt by most of those who are forced to advance it. Many officials in charge of the relief problem feel that people should know how the matter is being handled.

Jealous supervision is exercised by the State Department over the whole field of food relief. Not only is the Lehman committee housed in the State Department, but its staff receive their salaries direct from the department. Relief activities of other government agencies must receive the nod of the State Department. The domination of the department has made impossible even such practical steps as the creation of a central relief stockpile. No policies have been formulated which could be put into effect if war ended tomorrow.

An excellent nucleus for planning was created last October when an Interdepartmental Committee on Food Relief was authorized by—paradoxically enough—the State Department. The committee worked rapidly, and submitted its first progress report to Governor Lehman on December 15. Apparently it worked too rapidly, and too efficiently, for its own good. Its report was seen by very few officials and all mention of it was hushed. Its recommendations ignored, the Interdepartmental Committee died an ignominious death.

But the fact that a problem does exist, and that it is serious, was amply proved in the Interdepartmental Committee's report. The committee confined itself to working out the first year's relief needs for the "outer fringe" of continental Europe, comprising Norway, Belgium, the Netherlands, France, Greece, Italy, Albania, and the coast of Yugoslavia. The period of one crop year was selected as a yardstick by which to gauge requirements over a longer period of time. Members of the committee concentrated their attention on these questions:

1. About how many people in the territory considered will need some form of food relief?
2. To what extent has production in each occupied country been knocked out by the war?
3. What are the exact nutritional deficiencies, and what are the minimum rations required to supply them?
4. How large will be the food reserves of other United Nations?
5. What are some of the specific difficulties involved in establishing a relief reserve?

Here are some of the committee's conclusions—never before made public:

1. Out of a total population of about 115,000,000 in the eight countries studied, about 23,000,000 people will need either emergency or supplementary food relief. This will necessitate shipment of at least 5,800,000 tons of food during the first year. In specific proportions, the supplies will probably be composed of 13 per cent legumes, 9 per cent vegetables and fruits, 7 per cent potatoes, 7 per cent meat and fish, 4 per cent fats and oils, 4 per cent milk and milk products, 2 per cent sugar and molasses, and 1 per cent eggs, in addition to the basic cereals.

2. Domestic production in Greece, Belgium, and Norway will not be able to achieve more than two-fifths of its normal volume; in France and the Netherlands only slightly more than half. Italy's farms will produce about 80 per cent of their pre-war average.

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EUROPE EXISTS

In spite of the fact that France was last week officially declared non-existent and that the same theory may be extended any day to the other occupied countries, news from England indicates that some prominent Europeans cling to the illusion that the Continent is still there. An Alliance of Parliamentarians of Occupied Countries, including France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Norway, Holland, and Luxembourg, was recently called together in London, under the chairmanship of the president of the Belgian Senate. Among the resolutions adopted was one affirming that the war was being fought "not alone for the restoration of national independence and the territorial integrity of the various countries but also to bring about the revival in the liberated countries of civil rights and a system of government conforming to democratic principles."

3. Dietary diseases are already widespread in the occupied countries, and relief demands will be almost entirely for protective foods. Since requirements for these will vary among different sections of the population in each country, four kinds of rations have been suggested—emergency, maintenance, supplementary, and special rations. These rations would call for a considerable expansion of our present processing facilities.

4. Stocks of food normally exported—such as wheat, cereals, sugar, coffee, etc.—have been piling up in some countries, and these might be contributed to a central United Nations reserve. An international food-relief program is necessary to determine potential food supplies in these regions and to arrange to pool all reserves.

So far, the closest approximation to international cooperation on the food problem, following the international wheat agreement, is to be found in an agreement we signed with England establishing a liaison between the Interdepartmental Committee and the Inter-Allied Committee in London. The Inter-Allied Committee, created in 1939, has confined itself almost entirely to research on the nutritive requirements of occupied territories. Since the Interdepartmental Committee has stopped functioning, this agreement has no validity.

5. Many technical problems will be encountered in setting up a central stockpile, such as the locating of warehouses near shipping points, the turnover of stocks to prevent spoilage, etc. Such a stockpile would have to be kept extremely flexible so that it could be used not only for all countries but for contingencies other than relief, including losses of supply areas, shipping losses, and variations in production.

In its report the committee stresses the fact that these conclusions are merely tentative. In addition to the broader policies still to be worked out, there are countless details, such as an inventory of all storage and processing facilities in the United Nations, determination of relief shipping requirements and allocation of tonnage, and training of administrative personnel.

The promised relief conference this summer faces a gigantic task. It will be helped by sporadic work already under way, much of it extremely valuable. The Board of Economic Warfare, for example, in addition to drawing up plans for the creation of relief stockpiles in Tunisia, has done excellent work in determining foreign supplies and requirements. The Office of Foreign Agricultural Relations has established committees to study the agricultural situation in each country. Lend-lease has its own general-purpose stockpiles which might be drawn upon for relief needs if necessary. But all the work being done barely scratches the surface. We need a centralized, coordinated policy on foreign food relief. The formulation of that policy is the job which the relief conference must shoulder, or else fail in its responsibility to the peoples of the world.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

WHENEVER people try to picture conditions in post-war Europe the idea is put forth that political and criminal gangs will play an important role. Confirmation for this view is found in the *Essener Nationalzeitung* of June 18 in an item reporting the arrest of thirty members of a robber band which had established itself in Duisburg, or rather the ruins of Duisburg. Their leader was a certain Willi Springfeld who—and this is also interesting—had deserted from the army in October and been sought in vain ever since. One of the members was the owner of a city-wide freight business, and his trucks were valuable equipment for the gang's activities. Everything that is scarce in these times of war was stolen out of bombed houses and sold. Used clothing was in especial demand; 110 trunkfuls were said to have been found in cellars occupied by the gang. The members also made forays into the country and stole calves and pigs, which were then slaughtered and sold on the black market. Is it the pattern for the shape of things to come?

Alsace-Lorraine is a "redeemed" province. Of all the countries which had been subjected to the blessings of the New Order, it presented the most favorable conditions for successful Nazification. A considerable number of the inhabitants were not enthusiastic about the French. The whole French-speaking population had been moved out, and the people "of German descent," the only ones who remained, were handled with kid gloves.

The result has been disappointing, and the press is

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beginning to speak out about it. The *Mühlhauser Tageblatt* of June 6 complained of the "opportunists who during the two years in which National Socialism went from success to success joined us vociferously, only to falter as soon as a single defeat followed on the victories." On June 20 the same newspaper became several shades more explicit, indeed almost tragic: "We party members have no more illusions about the difficulties facing us in Alsace—difficulties which sometimes seem beyond our strength. During the Battle of Stalingrad, for instance, life was frankly hard for party members. But the Führer, in his struggle for Europe, needs men who keep their word for better or for worse. In Alsace we must do our duty in silence, endure all insults."

"Can anyone seriously believe," asked the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* on July 13, "that the National Socialist state will allow persons who hoard things of intrinsic value to fare better in the end than those who put their savings in government bonds?"

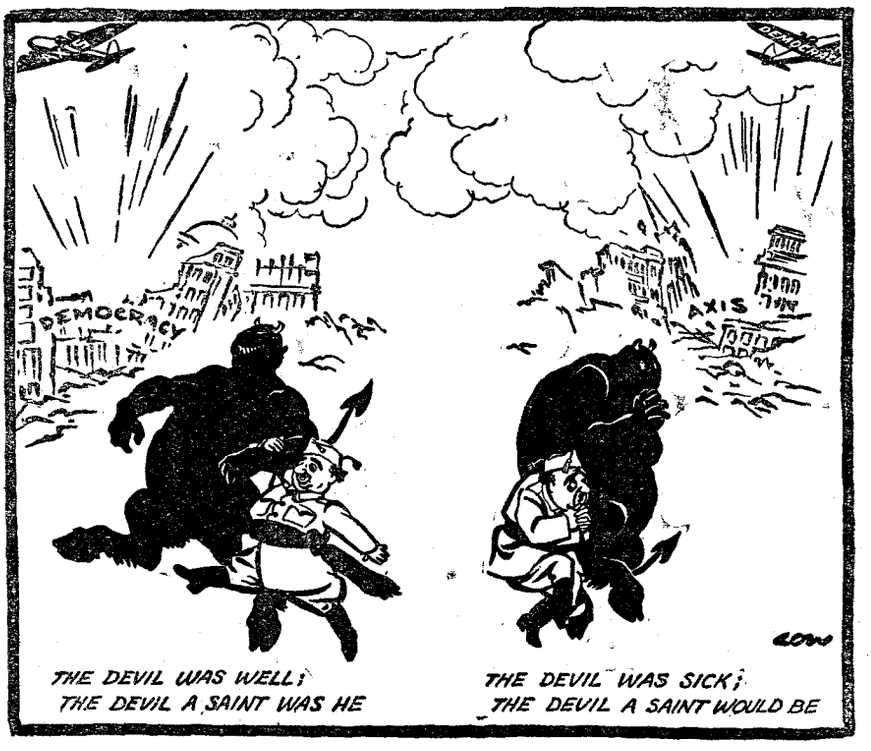
For months the campaign against persons buying up articles of "real worth" has been carried on in the newspapers with varying intensity—and of course with no effect. Germans have had experience of inflation. They learned in 1923 what it means. They learned that the value of money melts away but not the value of substantial things—goods of any kind, houses, land, factories. And since they are firmly convinced that the mark will collapse again, they have embarked on a "buying spree." All classes are trying to turn every spare mark into something of real value, no matter what.

Not much is to be had now. Most things are rationed. The shops are empty, and anyone who owns anything wants to keep it for himself. But for that very reason the demand has become fiercer and less discriminating. "Everything obtainable," cried the *Völkische Beobachter* on June 12, "is being bought blindly. Why, for heaven's sake, this buying of millions of useless pieces of pottery? This orgy of spending and buying must stop." In the higher brackets it is not such things as pottery that those who would lay up wealth for themselves are buying. Other articles of intrinsic worth have been discovered, for example, objects of art. Pictures which promise to keep their value in some measure are bringing two and three times their price on the world market. A Berlin dispatch of April 5 to the Stockholm *Sydsvenska Dagbladet Snaelposten* said: "In these days, when works of art are considered a particularly good investment, forgeries flourish as never before. Countless false Spitzwegs, Böcklins, Manets, Monets, Renoirs, Van Goghs, and so forth are offered for sale. The Reich criminal police has had to set up a special bureau to deal with art forgeries."

On June 22 Minister of Economics Funk announced that he intended to use more than warnings to combat the craze for objects of real worth. "I do not doubt," he said, "that the sound feelings of the people will approve of stiff taxation measures against those who are acquiring such property." But apparently he misunderstood the feelings of the people. There seem to be few who are not hoarding—pottery or Manets.

Congratulations!

FOR centuries British diplomats have been famous as writers of memoirs. Even in the midst of this war the public was presented with that invaluable book "Failure of a Mission," in which Sir Nevile Henderson with engaging candor explained how an ambassador, in a grave hour, can make a fool of himself. But he died too early to write the full inside story of appeasement, and somebody must finish the task. If the story must be written in terms not of success but of failure, according to the pattern laid down by Sir Nevile, no man appears to be better qualified to do it than Sir Samuel Hoare. His latest failure is simply dazzling. With his encouragement, the Spanish Monarchists address a formal request to Franco asking for the restoration of the monarchy in the person of Don Juan. For a while it looks as if Franco will say yes. But hardly have the Nazis advanced twenty-five miles on the Russian front when he turns back to Hitler and visits disciplinary measures on the signers of the manifesto.



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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Winged Skull

THIS IS LORENCE: A NARRATIVE OF THE REVEREND LAURENCE STERNE. By Lodwick Hartley. The University of North Carolina Press. $3.

DID the chaise break down under the broiling sun in a treeless waste near Toulouse, as Sterne wrote in a letter to his banker, or was it much earlier and more amusing, near Lyons, as he says in "Tristram Shandy," or were there two accidents? And why did he say in that book he decided to dash to France so suddenly it never entered his mind that England and France were at war, when plainly he had planned it long before, and had to get leave from his Bishop and ask for a safe conduct from Mr. Pitt? To say nothing of a twenty-pound loan from Mr. Garrick. Did he really get into bed with that long procession of shadowy ladies, from Catherine Fourmentelle early to Eliza Draper late, or did he just think and talk and write about it and make a great display of sentiment and then back out more or less gracefully at the right, or wrong, moment? Exactly how diabolic were those night-long frolics at Skelton Castle with his old friend Hall-Stevenson and the other demoniacs, squires and parsons as they mostly were? Were they imitating feebly the goings on of the Medmenham Monks, from which now and then John Wilkes strayed over to Skelton? Did he actually leave his mother to die in the workhouse (Byron thought so, and many before him and since), or did he care for her last days? Was his wife's belief, for a time, that she was the Queen of Bohemia due to his neglect and infidelities, or was it a strain of paranoia in that ill-starred mind? Was his mother really Irish as he said, or member of a respectable Lancashire family? Just how deeply in love is a man who writes, through the years, substantially the same letters to a series of women, sometimes keeping copies for himself? Just where does truth end and fiction begin in Sterne's account of himself in "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey"?

Mr. Hartley wrestles manfully with these and a hundred other trivial or dubious or off-color questions of Laurence Sterne's career with a discretion and strait regard for the records that might surprise his subject, who, being a novelist, was hampered by no such scruples. An immense amount of devoted study and trained research appears to have gone into this fairly short book, which handles with ease a baffling complexity of detail and carries the story along swiftly and with concentration on several planes at once. It is only the tone I find a little troublesome at times; such a balancing of the evidence for and against, such a leveling down of both the good and the evil in the history of Sterne, almost succeeds in smoothing the man away. There is a smack of prudishness at times, small biased hints of moral disapproval dragged in by the ears as if under some compulsion not the author's own. Mr. Hartley confesses that one of his aims was to make the book palatable to the lay, or general, reader in the hope that this mysterious being may be encouraged to seek out "Tristram Shandy" and read it for himself. I never saw a general reader, but I am convinced he exists, so many books are written for him. It is a mistake, just the same; general reader should not be pampered in any such way; Laurence Sterne should not be arranged to advantage or disadvantage for his view; he should be made to take his chances along with the rest of us, not only with the available truths of life but also with the very best work the author can do. For this book, in spite of its placating foreword, will be a stiff introduction indeed to a reader who does not already know something of the period.

For one who knows "Tristram Shandy" "This Is Lorence" may bring to mind again how melancholy a cloud lies over all the recorded life of Laurence Sterne, even his triumphs and frolics, and how clear and merry the light shed by "Tristram Shandy." That book contains more living, breathing people you can see and hear, whose garments have texture between your finger and thumb, whose flesh is knit firmly to their bones, who walk about their affairs with audible footsteps, than any other one novel in the world, I do believe. Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, Yorick and Mrs. Yorick, the Widow Wadman, Bridget, Dr. Slop, Susannah, Obadiah, the infant Tristram hovering between breeches and tunics, all live in one house with floor boards under their bootsoles, a roof over their heads, the fires burning and giving off real smoke, cooking smells coming from the kitchen, real weather outside and air blowing through the windows. When Dr. Slop cuts his thumb real blood issues from it, and everybody has a navel and his proper distribution of vital organs. One hangs around the place like an enchanted ghost, all eyes and ears for fear of missing something. The story roams apparently at random all over creation, following the living thoughts of these human beings in their infinitely varied experiences, memories, points of view. Sparks of association flash in showers at the slightest collision of temperaments. Every word spoken gets its instant response in the hearer; they are all intensely interested in each other and everything else under heaven all the time. Little clashes of wills lead to the most complicated roundabouts of personal history, anecdotes, opinion; a mere gesture is enough to set up a whole new train of thought and deed in these people, who live and go about their affairs every instant, not just at moments chosen by the author when it suits his convenience. Meanwhile, steadily, like time passing visibly before your eyes, Uncle Toby's unbroken devoted occupation with his campaigns, and the building of his fortified town, go on, accompanied by the most remarkable theories of military strategy and a running comment on the science of warfare, full of deep and sly satire. The celebrated comic improprieties go on too, a running fire of double talk punctuated by episodes such as that of the hot chestnut, the Abbess and the Novice who divided the sinful words which move a balky mule, the courtship of the Widow Wadman, the accidental circumcision of the newly born Tristram. It all has the most illusive air of having been dropped upon the paper by a flying pen which never stopped long enough for the author to read

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what he had written. Sterne drew on a page a few little graphs of his progress in "Tristram Shandy"; they are amusing but also accurate. That lightness was achieved with the intensity and painstakingness of a spider spinning its web, during those twenty obscure years as parson, along with the farming, and the philandering, and the wife driven distracted with jealousy, and the breaking blood vessels in his lungs, and the rows among his large family connection, and the local politics and the jollifications at Skelton Hall and the hunting and the August racing season at York.

Then his life work was published, a book or so at a time, and he went up modestly to London in the wake of Squire Crofts, a local worthy who paid the expenses of the trip, and there found scandalous fashionable success and enjoyed it enormously. Dr. Johnson thought his sermons "froth," Oliver Goldsmith found him dull, the Bishop of Gloucester called him "an irrecoverable scoundrel," but Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his portrait, David Garrick carried him into the orbit of the theater, the extremely mixed society around the Duke of York found him fascinating, for there was nothing they liked better than the cloven hoof peeping from beneath a cassock; he was in the dear tradition of the worldly abbé, and could write it all down, besides. Religion in any formal sense, and I greatly doubt any sense at all, he had not, and with some relief he ceased to feign it. He took some pains to be cultivated by respectable society, but what he loved best among even that was the fringe of wealthy young rakehells and their desperate sports. The rest is flight from death and pursuit of fame and pleasure: he "met" most of the great of his time, but his happiest days seem to have been a few weeks (when he had already the look of a dancing skeleton) of rioting around Paris with John Wilkes, interrupted, alas, by another blood vessel breaking at the height of the fun. As for women, to whom he gave so much attention, and who responded infallibly in their various ways, there is no fathoming his feelings or his motives. He appears to have squandered his whole available fund of human love upon his daughter Lydia, a headless, flighty creature ruled by her mother; judged by her story, she was the fine flower of all the weaknesses of every branch of all his families, a notably faulty lot. Even the highfaluting affair with Eliza Draper died, as all his fancies died, of his own weariness with his own role in them.

Mr. Hartley makes all the ladies rather duller than they may have been, even, but his wife must be admitted as a total loss. She was a homely woman whose husband made cruel caricatures of her, and wrote to a friend that he grew more sick and tired of her every day. She loved pleasure too, and had had a dull dog's life of it for years. She was delighted to get to France, and her ruses and stratagems to be allowed to stay on there, with her daughter and without her husband, would have been pitiable if they had not succeeded. But they did. Sterne died in lodgings in London, with the nurse and the landlady present, and a footman sent to inquire after him by John Crauford of Errol, who was giving a dinner to Garrick, Lord Ossory, David Hume, the Earl of March, Lord Roxburgh, the Duke of Grafton, and Mr. James, husband of Anne—the gay and good-hearted, who visited Sterne almost constantly in his last days. The footman reported to the waiting guests: "He was just a-dying . . . he said: now it is come. He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute."

His friends were saddened, but went on with their dinner. His wife and daughter and Eliza Draper were severally bitterly inconvenienced by his death. This and much more is in the book, but where is the real Laurence Sterne, the one who wrote "Tristram Shandy"? That winged skull seems to have made his getaway again, taking his main secret with him.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

American Men of Letters

THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION: THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES RECORDED BY THE MEN WHO MADE IT. Edited by Edmund Wilson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

ONE has always wished that Edmund Wilson would do more with American literature than he has ever done: there are subjects there which he has never dealt with in his published criticism but which would lend themselves wonderfully to that admirable method of his, that method as of a Sainte-Beuve who has understood Freud or a Brandes who has understood Marx. What he has made of writers like James and Mrs. Wharton exacerbates one's impatience to know what he would make of Poe or Melville, of Thoreau or Whitman, of Henry Adams or Mark Twain.

This anthology does not allay one's impatience, naturally, but it is the beginning of an answer, and it suggests the hope that Wilson is about to write at some length on at least a half-dozen of our classic *Dichter*. The notion of the anthology itself is an extremely happy one: Wilson has brought together in this rather bulky volume a collection of pieces (essays, poems, even small books) by American writers—practicing artists themselves, not professional critics or reviewers—on other writers who were their fellow-countrymen; and from one to another, as Melville—whom he quotes—would say, runs the shock of recognition that men of genius detect, standing hand to hand in a circle. Fortunately Wilson has provided introductory notes to his selections, and these abound in his characteristic insights, discernments, éclaircissements. They are the tantalizing germs of imaginable full-scale essays.

For the most part the selections are unimpeachable. Here, quite properly, are Lowell's early and usually garbled essay on Poe, the whole of his "Fable for Critics," and his late and rather upstage essay on Thoreau; here are eleven of Poe's reviews, as no doubt they ought to be; here is Emerson's generous tribute to Thoreau, and (an inspiration) a collection of pieces that tell the whole story, the partly comic, partly touching story, of Emerson's and Whitman's fluctuating relations with each other. Everyone will rejoice that the whole of James's wonderfully delicate book on Hawthorne has been included, and indeed that Wilson has reprinted Henry Adams's bleak little book on George Cabot Lodge, since it tells something both about Henry Adams and about the New England mind of Lodge's very Novemberish era.

J. J. Chapman's astute study of Emerson, James's ever-so-slightly over-kind tribute to Howells, Eliot at something like

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his best on Hawthorne and James, Mencken at his very best, his most modulated best, on Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson's wistful letters to Van Wyck Brooks—none of these could be spared. And I for one would wish to own the book if only because Wilson has had the fine sense to violate his own American canon by including all of D. H. Lawrence's incomparable "Studies in Classic American Literature"—surely (despite the occasional intrusion into it of the Lawrence who suggests a cockney Keyserling and even a cockney Goebbels) the deepest-probing, the most intuitive, the most passionately felt book that any European has written on the subject. How many Americans, in fact, have sent down deeper bells into those waters?

Fortunately, too, the book will satisfy none of us completely, or it would be merely a "sound" and "balanced" job. Some of us will find Bayard Taylor's amusing parodies in "Diversions of the Echo Club" not really worth the space they occupy; will accept the inclusion of Mark Twain on Cooper only because it incites Wilson to say some wise things about the latter; will not find Dos Passos on "The Enormous Room" particularly memorable; and would have left out Amy Lowell's often snappy and spirited but terribly undiscriminating imitation of James Russell's "Fable for Critics." All this would have saved space for a few things one would have liked to slip in: for the sake of the "long foreground" Fenimore Cooper's letter on American writers in "Notions of the Americans," or (brief as it is) Hawthorne's review of "Typee," if only as a pendant to Melville's essay on Hawthorne (which is here), or something of Howells's on a younger writer (Fuller or Norris or whomever), or Ezra Pound on James or Eliot or W. C. Williams, or one of Conrad Aiken's sensitive essays in "Scepticisms," or Tate's fine essay on Hart Crane, or Glenway Wescott's homage to Fitzgerald. I would stubbornly hold out, also, for two or three of Margaret Fuller's reviews (surely she was something more than a professional reviewer); on Poe, on Hawthorne, on Emerson, on "American Literature" she had things to say that are still striking—if Poe's piece on Margaret Fuller is.

This, however, leads one into deep waters! Like all first-rate critics, Edmund Wilson can be magnificently wrong, illuminatingly wrong; and he is this, surely, on the subject of Poe. Most of his selections demonstrate it, though, as I say, one feels they ought to be here on other counts. "Intellectually," says Wilson of Poe, "he stands on higher ground than any other American writer of his time." The judgment leaves one breathless. At two or three points, no doubt, Poe generalized somewhat in advance of his day, but the mental soil beneath him was a quicksand, and who can forget the puerile upshot of his most serious poetic theorizing—the death of a beautiful woman as "the most poetical topic in the world"? To Hawthorne's talent Poe did fine justice, but he was almost without a sense of proportion, and month in, month out, he expended his energies mainly on the mice and minnows of the hour—the Thomas Wards and the P. C. Headleys and the Epes Sargeants whom no instructed person of the time gave a second thought to; he saw birds of paradise in a hundred house flies ("Mrs. Amelia Welby has nearly all the imagination of Maria del Occidente, with a more refined taste; and nearly all the passion of Mrs. Norton," etc., etc.). The high ground Poe really stood on was not the ground of the great critics, and the sources he drew on were far less conscious, less luminous, less "cultivated" than theirs: his sources were darker and wilder and bitterer, and they made him a beautiful minor romancer of suffering and fear. As a critic, he was never safely out of the mental purlieus of Orson Fowler or Nathaniel Parker Willis.

After which, one should note that Wilson's prefatory remarks about Poe are full of acute perceptions nevertheless. They are only the most discussible portion of an anthology that is richly discussible as a whole—and a savory foretaste of what may follow.

NEWTON ARVIN

Napoleonic Ideas

NAPOLEON III. By Albert Guérard. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

AMONG the few lost causes that seem unlikely now to plague a resurgent France with claims and counter-claims, one may perhaps safely venture to list Bonapartism and the cult of Napoleon. Exponents of those related systems of political practice and theory, the uncle and the nephew, have shepherded the French people down the Hundred Days to Waterloo, through the Second Empire to the first battle of Sedan. Not even the phoenix—let alone the imperial eagles—could be expected to rise again from two such holocausts. The cult of the Emperor is dead, certainly. Forever now, amid its clustered battle flags, it lies enshrined under a block of red porphyry beneath the green dome of the Invalides; and when lately the Führer himself attempted to breathe life into the old bones of *la gloire*, this time by transferring the ashes of Napoleon II from the necropolis of the Hapsburgs to the banks of the Seine, the gesture went for nothing unless to show once more how inveterate is the German concern over mortuary arrangements. The mockery was too cruel even for Pétain.

And yet, upon reading Albert Guérard's challenging and thought-packed reappraisal of Louis Napoleon as a shaper of modern Europe—of that imperial adventurer's ruling ideas, rather than the train of compromises and wrong guesses that led to the demise of his regime—one wonders. The open-minded reader will be struck by, so to speak, the "nostalgia value" arising nowadays from the era 1848-70 in French life and thought; the Continental equivalent of the Victorian heyday across the Channel. Not the unshakable incubus of the French garrison at Rome, safeguarding the focus of reaction, haunting every step of the Emperor's efforts toward reform; not the blundering volleys in the Paris streets that turned the otherwise benign coup d'état of '51 into the crime commemorated by Victor Hugo, nor the stench of the Crédit Mobilier, nor the tragic Mexican gamble, nor the fatal miscalculation of Prussia's gathering strength—none of these cloudy misadventures can obscure the fact that life under Napoleon III in the City of Light not only glittered but was good.

Great nations have paid a higher toll to tyranny and have got less in return. One has only to regard an Offenbach and a Renan, living the good life freely (for the most part) in their divergent ways, to see the Bazaines and the Palikaos, De Morny and the rest of the gilded troupe fall back into

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truer perspective. Says the author, "Criticism could be sharp and even bitter, if it remained courteous. Those keen-edged weapons, allusion and irony, recovered a favor and an effectiveness they had lost since the days of Voltaire. The fearless expression of delicate thought has two enemies: the dead silence imposed by a despot, and the universal tumult of full license; the second is worse. Not merely expression but thought itself is drowned by competitive bellowing; in the stillness of a jail a man can at least hear himself think. The Second Empire was neither a jail nor a pandemonium; men could reflect, and talk." As they talked, money came out of its hiding-place. There was technical progress in the departments, contentment over the teeming fields.

Held in check by their somnolent but strong-armed Emperor, then, and by the discreet ministrations of his alert police, the French were able to enjoy some twenty years of relief from confronting directly the political dilemma by which their republics appear fated to be split. The "Caesarian democracy" of Napoleon III, as practiced by him when diplomatic expediency and Caesar's health permitted, was based on the assumption that the people's will, by plebiscite, had found expression in the Emperor's person. This Napoleonic idea was by no means strictly new: in the words of the Imperial Uncle, "I am the nation's work. . . . The nation must uphold me." But its application under the nephew did bridge for a while the dreadful gulf that yawns in French political thought between the concepts of *la patrie*, which can be endangered from without, and *le peuple*, whose indignation from within may summon up the red specter of that third element, *la foule*, "the vile multitude," and set Frenchmen at one another's throats until they turn for salvation to the man on horseback.

As Professor Guérard reminds us, once Frenchmen had accepted *le mot d'ordre* from Louis Napoleon, they were told: "Liberty has never contributed to the foundation of a durable political edifice; when the edifice has been consolidated by time, liberty crowns it." Time, however, was not allowed to crown with liberty the edifice projected by Napoleon III. "The only political leader in the nineteenth century whose thought could still be a guide for us today"; such is Professor Guérard's estimate of one aspect of the man's personality. Yet time is the great enemy of all Caesars, howsoever democratic. When the ex-Emperor died at Chislehurst, less than three years after Sedan, he was contemplating, as unfortunate strong men must, a comeback (Gambetta's republic had proved a disappointment) and "was working on an economical stove for the poor." No legend had begun to take form around his suburban St. Helena; and gone from the political arena, to be implemented no more until Woodrow Wilson's day, was Louis Napoleon's unrealized ideal of an alternative to the "realistic" balance of power of Europe —the principle of self-determination.

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Justice Holmes

THE MIND AND FAITH OF JUSTICE HOLMES: HIS SPEECHES, ESSAYS, LETTERS, AND JUDICIAL OPINIONS. Selected and Edited with Introduction and Commentary by Max Lerner. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

MAX LERNER has performed a service for American literature in "The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes." He has brought together in one volume all that is most characteristic of the Justice: occasional addresses and essays, selections from "The Common Law," a sheaf of his letters, as well as his principal opinions and dissents on the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts and the Supreme Court of the United States. Lerner has provided a biographical sketch and a running commentary done with good taste and shrewd insight. There emerges the portrait of a supremely civilized man, a judge, thinker, and artist of first rank.

Holmes brought a sophisticated mind to bear on our constitutional law. He did for it what Freud did for psychology. He opened up its unconscious. He laid bare the unspoken and unprofessional premises, the respectably suppressed real motivations, behind the formal parade and maneuver of juristic concepts. He divested these concepts of the absolute values with which a naive jurisprudence had clothed them. This devaluation was made possible by philosophic perspective and legal scholarship. Holmes looked at the law with a historian's sense of continuity and change. He saw man with the indulgence of an anthropologist, society with the tolerance of a skeptic. No one could have been less like the social reformers whose idol he became. They wished passionately to better the world. He was willing to let them try because he didn't think it mattered. His quarrel was with those who sought to make the Constitution a Canute, and thus an annoyed aristo-

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crat found himself at the head of a procession of agitators, busybodies, idealists, and the humble.

The essence of Holmes's approach to constitutional law and the thoughts later polished into some of his most famous aphorisms may be found in his very first opinion on the United States Supreme Court. "It is true, no doubt," he wrote in *Otis* v. *Parker*, "that neither a state legislature nor a state constitution can interfere arbitrarily with private business or transactions. . . . But general propositions do not carry us far. While the courts must exercise a judgment of their own, it is by no means true that every law is void which may seem to the judges who pass upon it excessive, unsuited to its ostensible end, or based upon considerations of morality with which they disagree. Considerable latitude must be allowed for differences of view. . . . Otherwise a constitution, instead of embodying only relatively fundamental rules of right . . . would become the partisan of a particular set of ethical or economical opinions." This was not said, as the reader may imagine, in dissent but for the majority. And that majority within two years was forcefully to demonstrate how true it is that "general propositions do not decide concrete cases." For the general principles they were willing to accept in 1903 to validate a California provision against short selling were abandoned in 1905 when New York sought to enact a ten-hour law for bakeries. For thirty years the Supreme Court was, in fact, to enshrine "a particular set of ethical or economical opinions," the theory of laissez faire, in the Constitution long after it had been riddled with exceptions or abandoned in economics, business practice, and (covertly) in legislation.

Holmes, in a famous address on Marshall, said that "a great man represents a great ganglion in the nerves of society . . . a strategic point in the campaign of history." This is true of Marshall. It is not the measure of Holmes's greatness. A collection of Marshall's opinions is of interest principally to the historian and lawyer. Holmes was not only a great judge, a greater one than Marshall, but a poet and a philosopher who was fated like Cardozo to work in the harsh and uncongenial medium of the law. Holmes's first feelings and doubts about the law may be found expressed in some of his later speeches. "One found oneself plunged in a thick fog of details," he said, "in a black and frozen night, in which there were no flowers, no spring, no easy joys." "How can the laborious study of a dry and technical system," he asked in another speech, "the greedy watch for clients and practice of shopkeepers' art, the mannerless conflicts over often sordid interests, make out a life?" "If a man has the soul of Sancho Panza," was his answer, "the world to him will be Sancho Panza's world . . . to those who believe with me that not the least godlike of man's activities is the large survey of causes, that to know is not less than to feel, I say . . . that a man may live greatly in the law as well as elsewhere; that there as well as elsewhere his thought may find its unity in an infinite perspective; that there as well as elsewhere he . . . may drink the bitter cup of heroism, may wear his heart out after the unattainable."

It is worth learning a little law to read Holmes, as it is worth learning a little Latin to read Horace. In the work Lerner has brought together one will find the joy to be derived from a noble prose, the consolation to be drawn from

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an equally noble philosophy. In one of the letters in this volume Holmes says of Kant and Hegel, "They each had profound *aperçus* here and there, and these were their real contributions, and the world would have been less bothered and bored if they had stopped with them." Holmes offers the *aperçus* without the system. He cultivated brevity, and he was too wise and had too good a sense of humor to attempt to tailor the universe. Holmes was a stoic in philosophy. He did not have what Lerner called the "illusion of centrality." Few men have lived as completely as he in a Copernican universe. He did not need the constructions, theological, ethical, or metaphysical, which most men require to shield the brevity of their lives from the cold winds of the infinite. He once wrote William James that he thought "the demands made of the universe" even by so secular a system as pragmatism "too nearly the Christian demands without the scheme of salvation. I long ago made up my mind that all that one needed was a belief in the significance of the universe. And more lately it has come to seem to me that even that might be ambiguous." Thirty years later he wrote to his Chinese friend Wu, "We must be serious in order to get work done; but when the usual Saturday half-holiday comes I see no reason why we should not smile at the trick by which nature keeps us at our job."

This is too adult and austere a philosophy. It would be a mistake to believe that even Holmes could live by it. Though he was without illusions on the intellectual plane, he was not without their comfort on the emotional. Holmes was a romantic, and relished himself as spectacle, as do all poets. One might venture a pun at the expense of Santayana and say that Holmes's real philosophy was compounded of romanticism and animal faith. He was a lover in all senses of the term. There is that grandly boastful letter in adolescence to William James in which he says that there "are not infrequent times when a bottle of wine, a good dinner, and a girl of some trivial sort can fill the hour for me." There is another sixty years later in which Holmes writes of Cardozo that he has "noticed such a sensitive delicacy in him that I tremble lest I should prove unworthy of his regard. . . . I believe he is a great and beautiful spirit." So was Holmes. To read him is not only to enrich one's understanding of the law as the crossroads at which man and society meet but to share the gusto, the gaiety, and the wonder he felt for existence. This, the essence of poetry, is not the less precious when largely distilled, as Lerner has distilled it, from the forbidding and regimented rows of the "United States Supreme Court Reporter."

I. F. STONE

Our Eastern Enemy

MY WAR WITH JAPAN. By Carroll Alcott. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO. By Captain Ted W. Lawson. Random House. $2.

FEW Americans have had such an opportunity as Carroll Alcott's to study Japanese character at its worst. He lived in Shanghai for thirteen years working on English-language newspapers and, in the four years before Pearl Harbor, broadcasting. The seamy side of Shanghai fascinated him:

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he was more than a crime reporter; he was a connoisseur of the underworld. He delved into the racketeering system by which beggars had to pay tribute to their "king," who in turn had to pay tribute to the overlord of Shanghai gangsters. It was Mr. Alcott who discovered that the Anti-Kidnapping Society, which advertised its ability to protect rich Chinese from abduction, actually was organized for the purpose of spotting rich men for kidnapers. He was a passionate student of counterfeiting, murder, narcotic peddling, gun-running, smuggling of various sorts, and the arts of gang terrorism.

The crime trails all led to the Japanese army, which was systematically promoting every species of lawlessness, partly for the profit and partly to add to the general chaos preparatory to conquest. The Japanese, by improved gangster methods, took over and expanded the illicit trade in opium and heroin, for instance, and derived a monthly revenue in the Nanking and Shanghai areas which Mr. Alcott estimated at $20,000,000, Chinese; this the Japanese converted into American money to buy scrap iron and oil. In December, 1940, the Japanese army threw a military blockade around a quarter of a million Chinese living just outside the International Settlement; Chinese died by hundreds from hunger and cold, and the corpses were strewn about the streets for weeks. Mr. Alcott found out the reason for the blockade: the owners of the gambling dens in the district had refused to pay an extra assessment of tribute to the Japanese commanding general.

The more Mr. Alcott probed into these matters the angrier the Japanese became. They tried to kill him by bomb and by simple shooting. One evening when he was going to the radio station and had given his bodyguard the night off, uniformed Japanese almost succeeded in kidnapping him. Thereafter he had two armed guards with him at all times and wore a bullet-proof vest. This was in 1940, when the United States and Japan were at peace, or at least Americans thought so. The Japanese knew better; Pearl Harbor merely marked a new phase in a war which they had been fighting all along.

The blindness of England and America to Japan's continuing war upon them through the years before Pearl Harbor was attributable not solely to stupidity but also to greed, Mr. Alcott suggests. For many years British and American commercial interests had been betting on the wrong horse; they thought that a strong Japan might bring order to the Orient and that markets would then be opened up. Ignoring the two thousand years of Chinese culture, England and America encouraged the Japanese barbarians instead of helping with the unification of China.

Mr. Alcott's book builds up a picture of Japanese deception and brutality beyond comprehension. Reading Mr. Alcott—who tells his incredible story in a matter-of-fact way, with grim humor, never ranting—one comes to think that the Nazis are pleasant, civilized people by comparison with their Far Eastern ally. "My War with Japan" is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Pacific enemy.

Whereas Mr. Alcott had thirteen years of experience with the Japanese, Captain Lawson had just thirty seconds; fortunately he did not meet any face to face or he would not have been able to tell the tale of the Doolittle bombing raid on Tokyo. And what a tale it is! For pure adventure and

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high excitement this story ranks right at the top of the war books.

Captain Lawson had no idea what the mission was to be when he was in training for it in Florida in March, 1942. Not until the second day out in the Pacific aboard the aircraft carrier Hornet were he and the other seventy-nine fliers told that they were to bomb the cities of Japan. They were to have taken off 400 miles from the coast, flown over Tokyo at night, and landed at dawn in China. Because a Japanese boat sighted them and thereby endangered the whole expedition, they took off 800 miles from the coast, dropped their bombs at noon, and reached the China coast at dusk.

At that point they ran into thick weather. The question was whether to fly at 10,000 feet until their gas ran out and then parachute to earth, or whether to fly at 50 feet and hunt a beach to land on. Captain Lawson, the pilot, chose the latter alternative; but both engines failed and the plane crashed into the sea, throwing out him and the other four crew members. Captain Lawson's face was bashed in and his leg ripped open; the other four were injured less severely, but only one was able to walk.

Two-thirds of the book tells of their miraculous escape through China in April and May. Chinese guerrillas smuggled them inland to safety, carrying them much of the way on stretchers. A Chinese doctor kept Captain Lawson alive, but his leg had to be amputated. A Chinese carpenter fashioned him a crutch, after having previously made a coffin for him. Now Captain Lawson can be what he wanted to be *in the beginning—not a pilot but an aeronautical engineer.* Meanwhile he has produced with the help of Robert Considine, a newspaper columnist, a swiftly paced book that makes Sinbad the Sailor look like Caspar Milquetoast.

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Fiction in Review

IN DEFERENCE to the popular superstition that summer is the time to catch up on the reading one failed to do in the year, I am devoting this week's space to a quick survey of the novels that might possibly be recommended for vacation consumption. While of course I can make no claim to have read every work of fiction published in the last twelve months (such notable books as Ignazio Silone's "The Seed Beneath the Snow," Anna Seghers's "The Seventh Cross," and Isak Dinesen's "Winter's Tales" were commented on by other reviewers in these pages), I think I saw the majority of novels that made any claim to seriousness or even literacy—at any rate, a sufficient number to enable me to pass some sort of judgment as to the quality of current fiction. What that judgment is may be inferred from the very small number of volumes I can even "possibly" recommend. And I find it interesting that of the books which achieved some measure of popular success in the last year, only two—Howard Fast's "Citizen Tom Paine" and Helen Howe's "The Whole Heart"—appear on this lamentably short list. Evidently books which other readers found enlightening or enjoyable I found meretricious or dull. But this works the other way round as well, and perhaps I can call attention to a small handful of books which, at least comparatively, are worth more notice than they received.

To my taste, then, the best fiction I read this past year was a collection of Latin American short stories, "Fiesta in November," edited by Angel Flores and Dudley Poore, with an introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Prejudiced against primitivism in any of the contemporary arts, I admit that I came to "Fiesta in November" prepared to find it quite self-consciously outside the international literary tradition; but while these short stories could have been written nowhere but in Central or South America, they accept their whole responsibility in the world. Necessarily their major concern is with primitive people, but these Latin American writers are in the best sense of the word sophisticated, and their

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stories are full of the effort, not of artfulness, but of art.

The most serious and in some ways most talented novel of our own country was Ira Wolfert's "Tucker's People," which I reviewed at length only three weeks ago and mention again merely for the record; it is a story of the numbers racket in Harlem, but an infinitely more interesting book than this subject matter would indicate. Slater Brown's "The Burning Wheel" and Paul Horgan's "The Common Heart" may neither of them have been as impressive as "Tucker's People," but actually they were both rather more enjoyable reading than Mr. Wolfert's novel, and both certainly deserved wider audiences than they won. Mr. Brown has that first instinct of a novelist, to write about *people;* "The Burning Wheel" is about the relationship between a group of Connecticut farmers and the city people who buy summer places in their countryside; the novel is modest in scope but dramatic and deeply thoughtful. "The Common Heart" also springs from a truly novelistic feeling for character; written in a fine, simple prose, it is the story of a group of everyday people who live in the Southwest, and it has a pair of the most convincing little-boy characters I have come across in contemporary fiction. You will be acquainted with Mr. Horgan's satiric gifts from his earlier novels, but unfortunately in "The Common Heart" his bite is softened by a certain piety.

Of the two novels already mentioned on which my opinion pretty much coincides with popular opinion (for I regret that I find little to commend in such best-sellers as Marcia Davenport's "The Valley of Decision," Nancy Hale's "Prodigal Women," or Joseph Freeman's "Never Call Retreat" except their effort—they are all such long books), I liked Howard Fast's "Citizen Tom Paine" rather less than his "The Unvanquished," published last summer, but I still think Mr. Fast the only historical novelist writing at the present time whose books are a pleasure to read; and I found Helen Howe's intelligent and self-effacing first novel, "The Whole Heart," a most welcome change from the undisciplined self-indulgence of so much current fiction. It has been called to my attention that Mr. Fast distorts or ignores many of the known facts of Tom Paine's life; if I nevertheless repeat my favorable judgment of his novel, I wish it to be clear that it is not because I repudiate a historical novelist's obligation to historical scholarship, but simply because I myself am too little scholarly to have been troubled by Mr. Fast's errors. "The Whole Heart," Miss Howe's account of a Boston gentleman's relation with politics and with the four women in his life, is lively, witty, and decent—worth reading, if for nothing else, for Miss Howe's annihilating portrait of an all too typical American college girl.

In the line of annihilating portraits, I enormously enjoyed Dawn Powell's "A Time to Be Born" for its satire, though not for its sentimental love story; Miss Powell has yet to write the whole book that is up to the best parts of what she has already written. Also witty and intelligent was Jerre Mangione's "Mount Allegro," a series of family reminiscences in the style of the *New Yorker* and the best of several accounts of Italian-American life published in the past year. There was a serious and promising first novel called "The White Queen" by Betty Baur and an interesting though less promising first novel about life on a destroyer, "East of Farewell," by a young naval ensign, Howard Hunt. Barry Fleming's "Colonel Effingham's Raid" was better politics than fiction (but this is no faint praise in these days of fictional politics), and Caroline Slade's "Lilly Crackell" was better sociology than fiction. As a change from people, I can conclude this sad little report by recommending Vardis Fisher's "The Darkness and the Deep," a novel of apes.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Restrictions on July paper shipments, controlled by the War Production Board of the United States and the War Prices and Trade Board of Canada, have temporarily delayed our regular paper receipts for this month. Neither *The Nation* nor the mill is responsible for this situation.

Because of the delay we are obliged to hold to 32 pages our Midsummer Book Number, originally planned for 40 pages. We have found it necessary, for that reason, to eliminate the Puzzle and Letters to the Editors. Additional reviews and a one-act play by Bertold Brecht, scheduled for the book number, will appear in early issues.

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FILMS

I ONLY hope Major de Seversky and Walt Disney know what they are talking about, for I suspect an awful lot of people who see "Victory Through Air Power" are going to think they do. Certainly I am not equipped to argue with them. I have the feeling I was sold something under pretty high pressure, which I don't enjoy, and I am staggered by the ease with which such self-confidence, on matters of such importance, can be blared all over a nation, without cross-questioning. Beyond that, I can only talk of it as a certain kind of moving picture.

When Disney is attending strictly to mechanics and to business, it is good poetry and, barring its overpersuasiveness, good teaching. When, instead, he is being poetic, or cute, or in this case funny, it is neither. Such images as that of the Nazi wheel are vivid and instructive. Such images as that of the bird which nests in a Maginot gunmouth are the defective side of this notably split talent or composite of talents. The human animations, like all of Disney's, are so bad they become interesting as misanthropic footnotes. The real poetic energy in Disney's films has always come of the children and grandchildren of his basic metaphors—the sounds and images of impingement, for instance, as the Nazi wheel is assaulted—and usually these are finely detailed and polished. Here they are not much more than roughed-in. The non-musical sound is good without his occasional brilliance; the music is a loss. The color undersea (as in Disney's forest glades, etc.—there is something fishy about either him or me) is subdued and quite pretty; the extroverted color is so much loud candy, if candy were to develop aesthetic pretensions. The patronizing comic cuteness with which early aviation is treated and the gay dreams of holocaust at the end seem to me as ill-advised as the finely mechanized expository stuff between them is new and correct.

I noticed, uneasily, that there were no suffering and dying enemy civilians under all those proud promises of bombs; no civilians at all, in fact. Elsewhere, the death-reducing virtues of De Seversky's scheme—if he is right—are mentioned; but that does not solve the problem. It was necessary here either (1) to show bombed civilians in such a manner as to enhance the argument, (2) to omit them entirely, or (3) to show them honestly, which might have complicated an otherwise happy sales talk. I am glad method 1 was not used, and of method 3 I realize that animated cartoons, so weak—at least as Disney uses them—in the whole human world, would be particularly inadequate to human terror, suffering, and death. Even so, I cannot contentedly accept the antiseptic white lies of method 2. The sexless sexiness of Disney's creations has always seemed to me queasy, perhaps in an all-American sense; in strict descent from it is this victory-in-a-vacuum which is so morally simple a matter—and so salubrious for the postwar if only it were true—of machine-eat-machine.

At last I saw "The Ox-Bow Incident." I also saw "Bataan." Between the two of them there is a great deal one might talk about on the difficult question of the proper and the incestuous relationship, in any work of art or entertainment, between nature and artifice. After a good deal of effort to get it on to paper and into feasible space, I'm afraid it is wiser to give up, saying only as follows. "Ox-Bow" is one of the best and most interesting pictures I have seen for a long time, and it disappointed me. "Bataan" is incomparably less of a picture, and I liked it very much. It seems to me that in "Ox-Bow" artifice and nature got jammed in such a way as to give a sort of double focus, like off-printing in a comic strip. Here was a remarkably controlled and intelligent film; and in steady nimbus, on every detail, was the stiff over-consciousness of those who made it of the excellence of each effect, to such a degree that the whole thing seemed a mosaic of over-appreciated effects which continually robbed nature of its own warmth and energy, and the makers of the ambitious claims which they had made on nature. This complicatedness of attitude, as I infer it, accounts for occasional flagrant mistakes, like the phonily gnarled lynching tree or the angelic soprani which are used as motif for the Negro preacher; and accounts also for unluckier, more intrinsic flaws than those—for the literariness and theatricality, the essential patronage and indirect self-pity, which braid and infuse the best of the show. Henry Fonda is a good median example. His performance is the most sympathetic of his career; and beneath it his personal fondness for "the part" and his awareness how to temper his mannerisms to an unshorn wind show like several inches of slip. If I seem to be going out of my way to find faults to explain what was chiefly a troubling of intuition—and I'm afraid I may be—let me at least pay my respects to this film by adding that I find the same arteriosclerotic fault-of-attitude harming still better things—nearly all the good writing of this century, the films of Pudovkin and Pabst, and some of the music of Brahms.

But not in Mozart, and not, far down the scale, in "Bataan." Its claims on nature are modest enough to be almost shamefully safe, being only those which a certain kind of melodrama can dare to claim; and from there on what still might have been very bad becomes instead a small triumph of pure artifice. And that becomes possible, I think, thanks again to creative attitude. The people who made this film, I judge, were lucky enough to believe in it so warmly and innocently that the small area they staked out in nature remained at the fertile center of their affection, and their cinematic intelligence and skill—with none left over for self-congratulation from the sidelines—were released entirely to the proper business of embodiment. What they had to embody was as formal and naive as a pulp story. Thirteen men defend a bridgehead against hopeless odds. Like their number, their types and their troubles and

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their deaths are conclusions so foregone that to try to freshen them by tampering and basic invention would have been a deep aesthetic mistake (again, as with Disney, the power of the secondary and tertiary metaphor). The mistake was not made. The story was simply put into patient and fecund detail, excellently written, acted, photographed, paced, above all directed (by Tay Garnett) into something as perfectly artificial, and as strongly rooted also in nature, as good ballet or, in another aspect, Italian opera, which like the pulp story has a large believing, yet critical audience. It seems to me irrelevant to criticism on any other grounds so long as it ventures on to no other grounds. I have heard "Bataan" criticized for presuming so shallowly to portray war. But I think it much less shallow than most of the more ambitious war pictures, which are indeed insults both to the men who make real war and to the men who made the images. We may not yet recognize the tradition, but it is essentially, I think, not a drama but a certain kind of native ritual dance. As such its image of war is not only naive, coarse-grained, primitive; it is also honest, accomplished in terms of its aesthetic, and true.

Eric Ambler's stories are not yet getting very good breaks on the screen. Orson Welles's "Journey into Fear" had sophistication without much journeying, in the kinesthetic sense of the word, still less fear. "Background to Danger" has plenty of danger, in lively motion at that, without a background keenly drawn enough to make it really dangerous. Short of the really "creative" men, Raoul Walsh is one of my favorite directors; but—besides thoroughly enjoying it—you could use this film for one kind of measurement of the unconquerable difference between a good job by Hitchcock and a good job of the Hitchcock type.

There is still doubt—and should be none—about the American release of two English "documentaries," both of which deserve better than that rubber truncheon of a categorizer. "World of Plenty," about past, present, and future food, was energetically and well written by the late Eric Knight and surprisingly (to me) well edited by Paul Rotha, with some adroit pedagogical help from the Isotype Institute and a general boldness of ideology which I would like to see cutting grease in as many American theaters as possible. "The Silent Village" is a reenactment by Welsh miners of the story of the mining village of Lidice. The unobstreperous sensitiveness of those who made it and the fistlike authenticity, dignity, and seriousness of those who performed in it make this an expiation for every odious advantage which has been taken of that village. It is a question, probably a sad one, whether any group of miners in this country would have been capable of it.

JAMES AGEE

MUSIC

WISHING to avoid Schuman's "Newsreel" and Harris's "Ode to Truth," which Morton Gould conducted first at his July 4 Stadium concert, I tuned in late, and missed the beginning of the Suite from Copland's music for "Billy the Kid." Most of it turned out to be excellent music to listen to without the ballet—the music of the card game being especially beautiful; but some of it—for the episode of the girls in red tights, and for the gun battle—needed the action to have point. This music might have been omitted; and certainly the music of the pas de deux should have been included.

As for Mr. Gould, in my limited experience of his music I have found him to be at his best when he is deftly, expertly, but unpretentiously diverting, as in the "Guaracho" Overture which the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe played before "Rodeo," and in the opening section of the second movement of the American Symphonette No. 2 which he conducted at the Stadium. His serious Lincoln piece which Toscanini broadcast last fall was terrible; and in the rest of the Symphonette the attempt to divert is driven too hard and is carried out with too much technical expertness and cleverness.

At Toscanini's mid-June broadcast with the N. B. C. Symphony I thought I discovered what was behind the pace for the first part of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" that is strikingly faster than the one other conductors take. It happened to be the first time that I had followed his performance with a score; and as it went along I noticed Debussy's directions for tempo: "Very moderate" for the beginning; "Becoming more animated" for the approach to the middle part; "First rate of movement" and "Same movement, very sustained" for the middle part; "Movement of the beginning" for the return of the first part. The first part and the return of the first part were, then, to be taken at the same pace; and Toscanini, unlike other conductors, was obeying this direction. They take the first part more slowly than the return; he brings the pace of the first part up to that of the return (since the wider spacing out of the flute theme in the return makes a slower pace for the return impossible).

Other unusual tempos of Toscanini's have reasons of this sort behind them, I am sure. I have the impression, for example, that it is his desire to establish, in accordance with Beethoven's and Schubert's directions, a single unifying tempo for the various sections of the second movements of Beethoven's Seventh and Schubert's C major Symphonies that produces tempos which are unusually fast for their opening sections—too fast for some listeners, but not for me. And years ago, when he played Brahm's First Symphony for the first time in New York, he seemed to have decided that the *Poco sostenuto* introduction to the first movement and the *Poco sostenuto* reference back to it at the end of the movement should be in the same tempo; and that since the one at the end could not move at the traditional slow pace of the one at the beginning, the one at the beginning would have to move as fast as the one at the end. In all three or four performances of the work that season he stuck to this consistency and to the excessively fast pace for the introduction; but the next season the *Poco sostenuto* introduction was taken at the traditionally slower pace than the reference back to it at the end of the movement.

I will not be surprised if the same thing happens with Haydn's Symphony No. 94, which he played at the recent broadcast. As far as I can recall, it was his first performance of the work in this country; and it had the mercurial movement, the sharpness of contour and inflection that make his performance of Haydn so marvelous. But the minuet—for reasons which I was unable to understand—was speeded up to an unprecedented pace that was obviously too fast for the internal relations of the music, and a strain on the orchestra. It will be interesting to see what he does with that minuet next year, and ten years from now.

B. H. HAGGIN

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